The Pulpit

A Journal of Contemporary Preaching

Hulda Niebuhr:

SPIRITUAL PROGENITORS

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A Founders' Day address for the commencement season

SPIRITUAL

RECENTLY, while preparing an address for a Christian college Founders' Day, the phrase "intellectual and political progenitors" leaped to my eyes from a printed page. I thought, "Intellectual and political, maybe *educational* progenitors—those terms give clues to the reasons for our indebtedness." However, they do not suggest what was most important in lives that kindled faith in others, what was most important in the work of those who founded Christian institutions which would prepare coming generations to kindle the faith in others. *Spiritual* progenitors—a vague term also, but perhaps one that will suggest the concept we want.

Surely one way to express our gratitude is to search our hearts and to know whether we truly belong to the lineage of those founders. Do we really stand in that line of parents, pastors, teachers, neighbors, citizens, whose influence was of such order that they may be thought of as spiritual progenitors, ancestors, forebears, people whose faith kindled the faith of others?

Not a Matter of Age

The Apostle Paul spoke of his "children in Christ." He knew, as we do, that the Lord is always the giver of life, and that he alone can renew and transform our minds. But he knew, too, that the Lord expects his children to be mediators of grace to each other. It is a question whether we can help others into that higher mode of living which is eternal life, unless we have been reborn into it ourselves, have "put on Christ" to live life after his fashion. Students may ask, "Isn't this idea of the spiritual progenitor, spiritual forebear, for the listeners of more advanced age? It somehow has that sound! Does it apply to young people?" Yes, it does apply, for this kind of fatherhood and motherhood and ancestorhood is not a matter of age. In fact, I remember the story of some first-grade children who, it might well be said, were the spiritual progenitors of their teacher.

Alice Humphreys, in *Heaven in My Hand,* tells how in her schoolroom, during a rainy Monday recess, the pupils had boasted about Sunday dinners enjoyed at grandparents' homes, and golden slabs of cake and new puppies acquired. "Then," she writes, "as has been true always, one pupil brought forth the Unexpected. A tiny fay of a maiden, too young to discern between things of the Body and those of the Spirit, said in a soft conversational tone, 'I didn't see who took Jesus home.' " The teacher was startled, but the children accepted the idea in matter of fact fashion and "reasoned earnestly with one another, saying, 'Who could have taken Him home?' " The teacher, good friend of the children, confesses to a passionate hope they would name her the probable hostess. Then Kathy stepped forth, an accurate little girl who ponders well before speaking. She laid her small hands in precise fashion on her hips, weighed her words as carefully as a judge pronouncing sentence, and said, "It would have been old Barney!"*

To the teacher the words seemed sacrilege, for old Barney was the social outcast of the town, a derelict (who, however, often delighted the children with peach-kernel baskets and other whittled toys). The children all nodded their heads in agreement with Kathy, saying, "Old Barney it would certainly be." The teacher, thinking in our culture's usual terms of preferment and honor, now felt ashamed and inspired by the children who had caught the spirit of him who had brought salvation to the despised Zaccheus. She says that her pride lay in dust. She probably knew well the gospel story, always so appealing to children, which they were unconsciously dramatizing. Like the rest of us, she had often discussed forgiveness and redemption, had often deplored anyone's despising anyone else. Yet none of us have ever suspected how barely conventional our Christian thinking is.

Conventional Christianity

It is a mark of the conventional Christian that, although he knows the Christian tradition and does not, in any crass manner, go counter to its generally accepted demands, he does not suspect to what degree its spirit may be eluding him. He is inclined to think of his own highest as the highest to be desired. The conventional Christian in us recognizes himself in the moths in James Thurber's fable, those fluttery parents who liked seeing their moth-children fly about the street

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*Used by permission. John Knox Press. From *Heaven in My Hand,* by Alice Lee Humphreys.

By Hulda Niebuhr

PROGENITORS

lamp which had always been their own highest aspiration. They were greatly disturbed by the moth-child that insisted on flying toward a star he could see through the trees. They wanted him to get scorched like other normal moths, who finally died round about the street lamps, with never an intimation of the exaltation he had felt in spite of all the discouragement he had experienced in trying to reach the star.

A study made a few years ago to probe the religious beliefs Americans hold, showed that 95 per cent said they believed in God and most of them prayed, but only 5 per cent said they prayed for forgiveness (possibly not feeling sins to forgive). Eight out of ten believed that most of America's problems would be solved by "absolute adherence to the law of love" and eight out of ten thought of themselves as obeying it (so someone else must be at fault). There was manifest the tendency to assume that man lives up to his ethical standards simply because he endorses them (so a quarter of all said they loved their enemies, 78 per cent their business competitors, 89 per cent members of another race, 90 per cent members of another religion—figures incompatible with the facts of our behavior in business, political, social and religious life). There was little humility apparent before God and fellow man. God was known as creator. But as judge and redeemer? That concept did not seem relevant.

A Day of Conformity

The temptation to be a conventional Christian, to stay one, is always great. It is much easier to learn to play the notes of a composer's score than to play in such manner that his spirit and feeling is conveyed. And in times and places such as ours, when it is the expected and respectable thing to be a Christian, the temptation toward a merely conventional Christianity is the greater.

To say that we are living in a day when we are specially tempted to live conventionally respectable lives, says in effect that we are living in a day of conformity. The rewards seem to go, in many communities, to the teacher, the minister, the politician, the voter, commentator, playwright, who takes no risks in moving counter to prevalent trends. If there is not a redeeming minority effective in influencing such a climate, there is grave risk that temptation to lose integrity becomes too great for many young people who might else engage in moral adventure.

A young student has sent me a report of the proceedings in his university in connection with congressional investigations held there. Only about ten students in this large and influential institution of learning did all the work that was done in all student organizations together to induce those organizations to take a stand in defense of academic freedom, and to make, quoting the report, "at least token gestures of recognition that a serious problem existed." There was great reluctance to take a stand of any kind, to commit oneself, in some cases apparently for fear of hazarding job opportunities upon graduation.

We have suggested that in so far as we are conventional Christians we are probably complacent about the Lord's demands upon us and the way we meet them. And in so far as we are merely conventional Christians we will not be spiritual ancestors of anyone. People might hear us play the composer's notes but they will never suspect what music is until they have heard the score interpreted in the composer's spirit.

The psychologist Kuenkel says that the more words and images you produce which have no real contact with reality, the more you decrease their value. They will be like paper money in time of inflation, meaning less and less. The Scottish teacher and novelist George Macdonald writes, "Nothing is so deadening to the divine as an habitual dealing with the outsides of holy things" —an almost frightening warning to us who are teachers of religion, and to preachers, and to all who bear the name of Christian.

Humility Opens the Way

Suppose I say: "I want to know and feel the composer's spirit and I want to be able to interpret it. What do I do?" Only the Lord himself can infuse us with his spirit. But when we look back into our lives, any of us, we realize that humbly knowing our need has over and again opened the door for the working of his grace. John Donne, 17th century preacher and poet, said, "Without humility no man shall heare God speake to his soule, though he heare three two hour sermons every day." Celebrating, meditating upon, knowing what was and is the quality of life of those who are, who have been, spiritual progenitors to others, does not give us that quality but it helps us toward the humility that opens the way to God's grace.

Life in God, under God, and ability to quicken such life in others, are two aspects of the same reality. The obedience God asks is seldom some-

thing separate from our relations to others.

One of the inspirations of my recent years has been association with a young student and his wife who went into an unchurched and otherwise greatly underprivileged neighborhood — slums which would long have yielded to better housing if the conventionally respectable-minded citizens had had the mind of these young people—a crime-breeding, narcotics-using neighborhood. The teen-agers literally pulled in off the streets had no interest in the institution of the church, nor even in religion, but they could not resist real friendship. The young couple could not have become the friends they were, had they been merely conventional "do-gooders." It was obvious that they made their decisions under God and that they obeyed him with real love for their young friends in their hearts. I saw the "homemade" Christmas play those teen-agers produced for their parents, in the store front where they had their club, and it was so authentic a testimony of the budding Christian life in them that it was the high point of my own Christmas celebration. Those youngsters were spiritual ancestors to me, as the young couple had been to them.

Love for Others

On a recent vacation I followed the western trail of my pioneering home missionary parents and grandparents. I found it contiguous to and in spirit harmonious with that of the great Father Serra, who founded the well-known chain of missions in California several centuries earlier. At a social function I met a woman who, like myself, had been impelled to study the life of this great little Franciscan. She spoke for both of us: "No one could possibly have done what he did, no one could have endured what he did, no one could have had the courage he had, except for the love of God!" He expressed his devotion in love for God's children, the Indians, whom he had come to serve. Many others who came among them roused resentment or, at best, instilled apathy. But, writes Agnes Repplier in her life of Serra:

> What gave him the open sesame to the Indian's heart was his insight into the Indian's nature, his sympathy with primitive virtues, his boundless forgiveness for primitive limitations. He was not to be daunted nor discouraged nor repelled. . . . The breadth of the friar's sympathy in no wise dimmed the clearness of his vision. . . . "They have stolen my heart from me," he wrote simply, though well aware that they would, if they could, have stolen all his more portable possessions.

So his much needed, irreplaceable spectacles disappeared. "Only after a thousand difficulties he got them back from some woman who fancied them as a decoration."

The trials of Serra's faith were unending, but he seemed never daunted. "He belonged to the ranks of the undefeated." At one time, when near-starvation had brought orders that a newly established mission be abandoned, Serra sent a lett on its way asking for incense—"incense to b burned in churches yet unbuilt, in a land whic was about to be abandoned." When San Anton (above Monterey) was founded, a bell was hun on the branch of an oak. Serra, stirred to ecstas seized the rope and rang the bell loud and lon "Why do you do that?" asked one of the friar "There is no church and there are no Indians." Serra answered, "I hear them coming," and the came. Out of his obedience to God grew his lov and his faith, *and* his joy. He needed no how-t have-peace-of-mind books.

In telling of the work of Serra's great successo Lasuen, without whom, humanly speaking, Serra' work would not have endured, the biographe quotes the Latin verse

> Very many and very great
> Are the miracles of Xavier;
> But Xavier himself
> Is the great miracle of Ignatius.

and paraphrases it to say,

> Very many and very great
> Were the works of Lasuen;
> But Lasuen himself
> Was the great work of Serra.*

And all of them were the miracle of the Lord working back and back, and ever forward through a genealogy of spiritual ancestors and descendants.

Our Christian Heritage

Those of us who are from Christian institutions of learning and from Christian homes and churches are specially blessed. We have been taught well what our history has to tell us of the will and working of the Father and have had much opportunity to consort with those throughout history who belonged to the lineage of his children, who lived life eternal while here. All this heritage *could* leave us but dilletantes at the Christian life. We *could* even so be of the church of Laodicea, to which came the message: "I know your works: you are neither cold nor hot . . . because you are lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew you out of my mouth. For you say, I am rich, I have prospered, and I need nothing . . . so be zealous and repent."

We could emerge conventional Christians merely, not spiritual progenitors, not those who, in Spender's phrase, carried at their hearts "the fire's centre."

"He who does the will of God abides for ever," we read in the Scriptures. "It is the doing of the will of God," says a great commentator, "more even by far than the abiding forever that makes it eternal life."

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*From *Junipero Serra*, copyrighted 1933 by Agnes Repplier. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday and Company, Inc.

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A New Frame of Heart

By Walter D. Wagoner

NLY a few weeks ago I finally found the analogy I had been looking for with which to scribe this occasion. It comes from a cruise rector who describes his job in attempting to ep everyone happy on a ship's tour of the Carbean—especially when men passengers outnumr the women seven to one, with the ratio seemg higher as the ship enters tropical waters. The rector tells the tricks of his trade: seeing that eryone remains solvent midst tourist shopping, laxed though seasick; that each vacationing cretary believes the liner to be her private acht. But once the ship heads for home, things hange. Not only the climate but the atmosphere, o, cools off. Back slapping gives way to worry, nd the cruise director has his "toughest time" as assengers begin to wonder, "What's happened the family, what's happened to the business, d I spend too much money, was I away too long?" Now, while I must insist that your four years ave not been a vacation cruise, port is in sight. ou have a most impressive collegiate sticker for our luggage. I hope that you also have some uestions in mind. However, before speaking of few questions which the departing traveler ught to consider, let me recall, especially for the enefit of the families and guests of the day, some ozen samples of the sights and sounds which this ass encountered on this last voyage. I pick at andom from the university calendar of your enior year twelve lectures, restricting the list to cademic subjects:

The Rule of Law in the U.N.
Recent Studies of Chemical Mutagnesis in the Fruit Fly
Sermon by Dr. Leslie Weatherhead of London
Jewish Creative Expression in America by Ludwig Lewisohn
Energy Changes in Metabolic Reactions
The Rhythmic Activity of the Quahog
The Ideal of Education, by Father D'Arcy
The Theory of Complementary Needs in Mate Selection
Frank Lloyd Wright Lecturing on Frank Lloyd Wright
Race Relations in Africa
World Council of Churches
Is Psychology Losing Its Mind?

Multiply that rich variety a hundred fold and you can understand why the voyaging student might feel as if he or she had wandered into an academic smorgasbord of the dining salon on "A" deck—a dizzying and tempting variety of dishes and diets day after day.

Diversified Curriculum

Despite the best efforts to see that each student gets a balanced diet of training, a modern university of necessity reflects in its curriculum the vast complexity and variety of modern life and knowledge. So much so that the student must feel at times like the wife of the frontiersman who saw her husband grappling with a wild bear. Not knowing exactly what to do and how to begin, she simply pointed and shouted: "Go to it husband, go to it ba'ar." In the melee of majors and minors it is also understandable, as one educator has noted, that the same student may emerge as "an evolutionist in natural science, a materialist in history, a determinist in economics, and an idealist in religion."

All of this is by way of saying that when it comes to the formal education of the members of this university class, only a few assumptions can be made: you had a great opportunity in a great university, and you have satisfied the requirements for graduation. We cannot assume much about your specialized knowledge, there is too much diversity. (Some of you know all the plays of Terrence, others of you know the differential calculus backwards and forwards, but some of you might not know the *ablative absolute* from the name of a race horse.) But there are some extremely crucial assumptions which both administration and faculty would like to be able to make about all of you, whether you graduate from journalism, or speech, or liberal arts, or tech, or music, or education. And now it is that I revert to those questions you might well be asking yourself as you come down the gangplank.

Meaning of Intellectual Life

As you take a last quick look at the S.S. Northwestern, *does the intellectual life mean any more to you now than it did when you came aboard?*

For some college graduates the life of the mind has been and always will be a bloodless routine, a pious excuse for blue books, and a threat to the extracurricular life. Education for these is a

WALTER D. WAGONER preached this baccalaureate sermon at Northwestern University where he has been chaplain since 1950. Earlier he served as chaplain at Colby College and as minister to Congregational students at Yale. In July he will go to Princeton as director of the Rockefeller Brothers Theological Fund.

foggy ectoplasm, verbal system building, a kind of classroom scrabble game for eggheads. Here is a real life scene involving this type of student, as related by an English professor:

> One day at the close of my lecture on the poet Emily Dickinson, a student stopped to speak to me. He was a fine-looking boy, and for a moment I cherished the fond hope that he had paused to discuss with me the poetry of Miss Dickinson. Instead, he said abruptly: "Now about this required essay in the course . . .?" "Yes?" I said, concealing my disappointment. "When is it due . . . at what time of day?" "Oh," I told him, "say 12 o'clock." "How many pages?" he continued. "Oh," I said, "six or seven. The length depends on your interest." "How many words?" he added, and then before I could answer, "single space or double space?" "Well, anyway," he concluded, "I think I'll drop the course."

Has the intellectual life been more to you than that? There is a larger number who have felt it for the life of challenge it is, a vision of human outreach, in which one student in the library and another in a lab and a third in a conversation pursue truth, the uncatchable—delight in the theory, hypothesis, idea, fact. By all that's holy, the intellectual life is God's work, the God of truth stands behind it, that God whom we worship in spirit and in truth. And I, shaky specimen of scholarship that I personally am, nevertheless do believe that those who honestly and with high purpose seek to enlarge the area of human knowledge have their hands on the hem of God's garment.

Cultural Pilgrimages

In his autobiography the greathearted Quaker philosopher, Rufus Jones, has this to say about a particular moment in his undergraduate life:

> I remember vividly the day when we worked out in math class the relation between the curve of a parabola and its asymptote, which always approaches the curve but never reaches it, except in infinity. I felt a secret door open in a new world. A new dimension came into operation. I had all unexpectedly one of those illuminating experiences which in religion are called conversion, but which belong to other domains as well. I sprang forward all of a sudden and came into possession of a vast intellectual inheritance. I felt in a mild way as Shelley did when he heard the skylark, or perhaps as Lindbergh did when he caught sight of the hills of Ireland. I knew then that I could be a mathematician, if I wanted to be one. As soon as class was dismissed, I started off across the country on a sprint, leaping fences, and hardly feeling as though my feet touched ground. I had tapped an invisible reservoir, and energy came into my deepest being.[1]

Can we not, I hope, make the assumption that the life of the mind does speak to you as a valiant human enterprise? But if you have never had such insight, but only a great weariness with the necessary machinery of education, then of such it must be said, as the old tombstones say: "Passerby, drop a gentle tear."

There is another question to be asked which involves another assumption. Let's get at it this way: Mozart said that he wrote *The Magic Flute* for himself and three friends—four people interested in the beautiful, engrossed in symmetry, harmony, restraint, proportion. So ask the question, am I one of these three who care for beauty? It would be a magnificent assumption to make of you that you not only know but care about the difference between a Christopher Wren steeple and a Balaban and Katz lobby; that you not only know the difference between a Rembrandt line drawing of the crucifixion and a Woolworth chromo of the Garden of Gethsemane, but that you actually prefer the Rembrandt. It would be an equally happy assumption if we could take for granted that you know what is implied about quality in human cultures when I say that Liberace has a $100,000 piano-shaped swimming pool and that Johann Sebastian Bach didn't make enough money to pay his funeral expenses. There is such a thing as the holiness of beauty. For

[1]Rufus M. Jones, *The Trail of Life in College* (New York: Macmillan, 1929). Used by permission of the author's estate.

A Prayer for Graduation

By Robert L. Stubbs

First Federated Church, Peoria, Illinois

OUR God and Father, we are mindful that build our lives on foundations which oth have laid for us. We thank Thee for all wh labors have entered into the making of this hi and happy time: for scholars and saints, proph and pioneers, whose wisdom has become a r part of our intellectual heritage; for this gr school with her years of productive training; the wise guidance of teachers and administrato for the support and encouragement of family a friends; and for Thy truth, by which alone ma kind can be saved from the results of error, ig rance and sin.

At this time of commencement, we would l the lives of these young men and women to Th Save them equally from the temptation of clingi to old and familiar errors and of accepting a t easy satisfaction with present success. Help the to try all things and to hold fast that which good. May they preserve all that is worthy fr the past and attempt all that is promising in t present and future. Remind them yet again th much is required of those to whom much is give May the recognition of this responsibility bri them a new determination to put back into life least as much as they have taken from it. Ke them constant and active in their search for trut to the end that ignorance on many frontiers m be dissipated by the light they shall bring; th conflict on many battlefields may be mitigated the skills in cooperation they shall discover a employ; that civilization may be delivered fro doom and turned toward the Beloved Communi by the ideals they shall promote; that life in hundred communities may be made richer becau of them. As they go from degree to degree a from achievement to achievement, we would as for them the gifts of Thy purpose, power and pr tection through all the years of their lives. Ame

grimage to a symphony, to a great book, min-s of attentive silence before the "Alba Ma-nna" of Raphael—in my handbook these are of rit equal to any pilgrimage to the shrine of y saint.

We have not yet however asked the pivotal ques-n. Even if we assume a mature confrontation th truth and beauty, there is still goodness. Or me define that with a phrase which better lects the insight of the Jewish and Christian ritage: *compassionate concern.* John Henry wman wrote these words: "It is well to be a ntleman, and to have a delicate taste and cul-ated intellect. . . . But just as well quarry the anite with a razor, or moor the ship with a read of silk, as to contend against the giants of ssion and pride with no other weapon than man reason."

Fallen Angels

That living legend, Satan, drew his strength om the fact that he was a fallen angel. He was uipped with the intelligence and abilities of the avenly host. The devil was also rational. You d I are made little lower than the angels, capa-e of pursuing truth and creating beauty, capa-e also of becoming fallen angels. If we turn, cause of pride or passion, and leave behind mpassionate concern, then surely we fall, brains d all, from God's presence. Then surely we do t know the wisdom of which Job spoke. Com-assionate concern is the inner will and resolution seek healing for our world, to extend the mantle forgiveness and understanding, urgently to ake use of time, money, energy and education ward constructive personal and civic ends. To ave compassionate concern is to forego non-alance, or debonair sophistication. Edith Love-y Pierce has written a few lines which cuttingly lustrate the damnable type of uncompassionate regard of many highly educated people:

> Balance your cup,
> And crowd another biscuit on your plate.
> A thousand starving shadows
> Push against the gate.
> Sleep quietly
> On your mattress smooth and soft and flat.
> An earthquake splits the house,
> But what of that?
> The sky is turning dark:
> We're going to have a squall.
> Open your umbrella,
> For the atom bomb will fall.
> Starch the bedroom curtains,
> Shine the silver tray,
> Put on a little makeup—
> Here comes the Judgment Day.[2]

Incongruous Relationship

Tomorrow morning, ten minutes before the ommencement exercises, there will be a Chicago rea civil air defense drill with sirens, jets, and ll—a propitious and timely way to herald your raduation. And then after a speech, again appro-riately enough by the deputy secretary for de-fense, you will receive your diplomas. You will see the green academic hoods of the doctors, the purple of law, the crimson of theology, the blue of philosophy and the caps and gowns of many of the universities of the world. And I want you to take at least one moment to think about the incongruous relationship between the air raid drill and the academic display. About what is lacking in the world of so much learning, about what is lacking in you and me in this year that our commencement exercises are preceded by a city of three millions trying to locate the nearest bomb shelter. What is lacking is something very much like compassionate concern, lacking not in the sense that its possession will guarantee an easy answer to world problems, but lacking as the psychological soil, or frame of mind, with which to take all of this academic training and tackle the problems of the world.

After the battle of Borodino, a messenger rode up to Napoleon and shouted: "Ours is a glorious victory, sire." Napoleon smiled assent. The smile departed when the blunt Marshal Ney exclaimed, "Alas, that there should be 12,000 French who do not know that we have won."

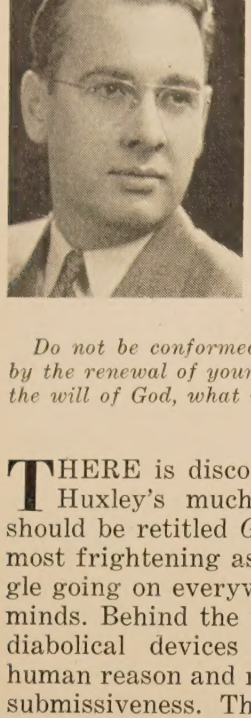
The military cemeteries, and now civilian cemeteries, are filled with millions from all nations who do not know whether they won or lost. There are millions living, including each person in this room, who do not know whether they will win. It is my faith that we shall—because I believe in a God of compassionate concern and because I believe in you. And so I prayerfully lay upon your educated minds and compassionate hearts, as a man brings an offering to the very altar of God, the challenge of dedicating both mind and heart to the healing of mankind and the glory of God.

[2]Edith Lovejoy Pierce, "Main Street, U.S.A.," *Wind Has No Home.* Used by permission.

Support Needed

THE real battles of the faith today are being fought in factories, shops, offices and farms, in political parties and government agencies, in countless homes, in the press, radio and television, in the relationship of nations. Very often it is said that the church should "go into these spheres"; but the fact is that the church *is* already in these spheres in the persons of its laity.

So far, although in varying degrees, our churches have failed to give their members the support they need to make them effective representatives of the church in their working life. Millions of men who know they belong in the world and speak its language and who are also faithful church members are still looking for the church that will stand beside them as they work. Only if our churches succeed in being with their laity in the struggles of our present world will the laity in their turn become genuine representatives of the church in areas of modern life to which otherwise the church has no access.—*Second Assembly, World Council of Churches.*



Of Minds, Men and Mice

By Ernest W. Saunders

Do not be conformed to this world but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, that you may prove what is the will of God, what is good and acceptable and perfect.
Romans 12:2.

THERE is discouraging evidence that Aldous Huxley's much-vaunted *Brave New World* should be retitled *Grave New World!* One of the most frightening aspects of our age is the struggle going on everywhere for the control of men's minds. Behind the iron and the bamboo curtains diabolical devices are employed to amputate human reason and reduce a man to an animal-like submissiveness. Those who have survived such brainwashings tell tales of horror that make Dante's Inferno look like a sporting match. Even in our own free land we have reason to be alarmed at the efforts to regiment public thinking. On bus and train, in shop and classroom you can hear people parroting the wild accusations of the latest demagogues, or repeating with all the reverence they accord a divine revelation the views of their favorite news analyst.

A veritable host of social forces, rival faiths, conflicting ideologies and scientific schemings threaten our prized liberties today; indeed, make perilous the whole human enterprise. And we have the panicky feeling that the contest is taking place on levels beyond our vote and voice so that we are merely helpless bystanders. We are not asked to judge, to test, to offer our views. We are asked only to accept and approve what those in authority have to say to us.

Threats to Freedom

Psychological research into human motivations has joined hands with the offices of propaganda to develop mass media designed to establish a common and docile mind which readily accepts whatever is offered to it. One may wonder if there is not a conspiracy under way to make Caspar Milquetoast the model man of our era. Comic books and handy digests serve up a pabulum to adult minds content with childhood. Marx's sneer about religion serving as an opiate of the peop may more properly describe the effect of radio a television upon our national life. Self-appoint authorities define Americanism in their own ter and then, playing upon the present state of inte national jitters, coerce their distorted definitio upon uneasy citizens who fear to object. Of cour we are sensible enough, for instance, to reali that internationalism and pacifism are not syn nyms for communism, but let some small grou of hysterical super-patriots cry it aloud and we' frightened into silence and apparent agreemer Watch, fear, listen, conform—these are the verb which threaten to describe our conduct today.

The time has come when the student can n longer avoid the issue. Will he join the lock ste and march along, or not? Will he permit himse to be reduced to a least common denominator an thus deny his true individuality as a child of Go and a responsibile citizen of the world? Are *yo* because of what these college years have mean to you, unwilling to sell your intellectual birth right for a mess of pottage? Do you dare to re nounce the false security of conformity and accep the risks which a true freedom can bring?

No Happenstance

Early Christians were keenly alive to the threa of enslavement to the world and its rulers. The became convinced that the world was alien to th will of God because it set up false gods commanc ing the devotion of men. And they believed tha this new-found, God-centered orientation of lif defined their proper relationship to their socia environment. Though in the world to serve the were not to be a part of it. They were at onc secessionists and reconcilers. St. Paul gives i clearest expression in our text.

A renewal of the mind and transformation o existence such as that prescribed by Paul is n mere happenstance. To break the lockstep i which we are caught demands the discovery tha there is a God who stands beyond us and ou little systems and that our inner divisions an the ambiguities of the human situation today ca only be healed in a personal engagement with him Of our age, the Apostle could easily say as he di to the Athenians, "I perceive that in every wa you are very religious. For as I passed along . . [I] observed the objects of your worship." W have a full pantheon of "gods many and lords"—

ERNEST W. SAUNDERS, professor of New Testament interpretation at Garrett Biblical Institute, delivered this address at the mid-winter commencement exercises of Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa. An ordained Methodist minister, he received his education at Northwestern, Boston and Duke universities and spent the year 1952-53 studying New Testament manuscripts on a Fulbright research grant for Greece.

satz deities like the totalitarian cults which ve deified human systems and required human egiance. A divinized status quo becomes the lden calf to some; mammon, to others. For ny people the cause of Christianity and laissez-ire capitalism stand or fall together. There are ctions of our midwest where it is far less dan-rous to question the truth that God exists than differ with the Chicago *Tribune*. But these half-ds of a sensate culture eventually are exposed d men turn away, disillusioned, in search of other and more fitting object of devotion.

Motif of Sadness

There can be no real transformation of our uation until we are confronted by the living rd of heaven and earth, the one true God who ings us and all our ways under his scrutinizing dgment, who lays bare our sinful egocentricity d calls us into a life of sonship. As long as God fashioned in our image we are insensitive to e clash between what is and what ought to be. e simply accept the existent discordance and stilities of our lives as normative. Some of that signation to the ultimacy of despair and ugli-ss is illustrated in the sadness that is a motif much of our literature today. Halford Luccock otes a literary critic who puts it this way: What we demand of an author is rather, perhaps, feeling of sadness, a lack of faith in simple and sy solutions to human problems, a sense of the railty of life—no loud hearty songs of innocence, t quiet songs of experience."

For many persons in the grip of a pervasive iscouragement, the Kinsey reports become nor-ative for human life, political corruption con-rms the moral sham which truly describes or-anized human life, the strife between the races f mankind is elemental, and brute strength is cknowledged to be the only pledge of survival.

But this is to be conformed to the world, to elieve there is an absoluteness to its shifting rms and wavering standards and that we must sign helplessly to them. It is the conclusion of ose who lose their center in God. But it is stoutly enied by those who refuse to admit that these utward forms of our common life are the authen-c signature of ultimate reality. Do they then magine life to be a kind of daisy chain festival? Hardly—where the gravity of human waywardness is understood so seriously. Hardly—where uch a vigorous criticism of culture is proclaimed y its spokesmen. But they testify that man's redicament is of his own making because of his illful indifference to the ways of his Creator. hey maintain, however, that culture and its ersons are convertible. If man listens and re-ponds to what God has to say to him, then all hings can become new.

Theory or Accepted Task

Our minds are renewed, we have said, when ve gain fresh insight into our true needs and pos-ibilities as men unwilling longer to continue a nasquerade. They are renewed as we discover that One who stands beyond and before us, who saves us from ourselves unto himself. When that happens, all our relationships are remade, for this inward change works its revolution in what we do as well in how we think. This transformation is no mere rearrangement of ideas or regrouping of value patterns. It carries an imperative to commitment in responsive obedience to One who makes known new tasks and duties. The biblical insight is shrewdly accurate when it observes that men are not to *know* the will of God; they are to *do* it. The truth which liberates is to unlock the mind and heart, to be sure; but it must also strike off the shackles which now bind our hands and heels.

One of the tragedies of modern education, as I see it, is that it converts basic issues of human living into problems to be discussed. We objectify and externalize our knowledge and shy away from any call to commitment that might come through what we learn about life. We're expert diagnosticians but desperately poor therapists. Of us Matthew Arnold might have written as he did of Goethe,

> He took the suffering human race,
> He read each wound, each weakness clear—
> And struck his finger on the place
> And said—"Thou ailest here, and here."

"What do you think?" is a more popular question on the campus than "What can I do?" The academic mind prefers to make religion a theory to be discussed rather than a task to be accepted.

Education Implies Responsibilities

The tragic results are evident everywhere. Some educators, it has recently been observed, express concern over the prospect of an unemployed intelligentsia. They fear an oversupply of engineers, laboratory technicians and lawyers in a society that cannot make use of so many. But there is another more alarming aspect of the unemployed intelligentsia: college graduates whose minds have stopped growing once a sheepskin certifies them to be learned, who become the comfortable citizens of Everytown, U.S.A., engrossed in daily rounds of hi-fi assembly, TV wrestling, the country club and proper manicuring of bent grass lawns. They're all over America, these graduates whose lives have withered away into conventionality. They're too busy to participate in political housecleaning; any vital P.-T.A. work is a chore. They wouldn't raise a whisper about international cooperation through a strengthened U.N. lest they be suspect by their neighbors. Here's the real unemployed intelligentsia. Men and women prepared by native ability and training to be community leaders, redirecting thinking into new channels, challenging the ordinary community conventions, lifting the common life out of ruts sunk to the level of graves, stirring intelligent action to correct the hysteria and bigotries which too often blight our social life. Instead they are swallowed up into anonymity, lost in the crowd.

Those who are transformed by the renewing

of their minds are called upon not to be sad sacks, nor jolly boys, nor pious prigs—but redemptive sons. Spelled out, that means a devoted service affecting all our relationships to those about us. It means participation in the divine task of leading men into a creative fellowship with God and ordering their common life into a clearer expression of that true humanity which he desires for all men. It signifies reporting for duty and being commissioned for a service that may involve risks aplenty but brings an otherwise undiscovered satisfaction of knowing that you are an active contributor and not a parasitic growth upon socie
It finds little sympathy with Hamlet's lament,

> The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!

But instead joins hands with a Rupert Brooke,

> Now, God be thanked, who has matched us with his ho
> And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping.

To which the only fitting comment is the mas
insight of the Great Apostle, "Let as many of
therefore as are mature have this attitude."

'Seek and ye shall fin

Questions Jesus Did Not Answer

By Kyle Haselden

THERE were many questions Jesus never answered. Why? We cannot believe that Jesus was intentionally rude or that he refused to answer because of ignorance or timidity. Why, then, did he turn some questions aside?

When we examine the questions Jesus did not answer, they fall into three distinct categories. First, he did not answer *dishonest questions;* that is, questions which pretended to seek one answer but actually sought another. There were those who approached him, not in sincerity, eager to solve some great riddle of life, but with the desire either to trap him or to make him appear ridiculous.

Combination of Natural Enemies

On one occasion the Pharisees and the Herodians came asking: "Is it lawful to pay taxes to Caesar?" The Pharisees opposed the paying of such tribute; the Herodians, on the other hand, had made profitable compromises with Rome. These natural enemies had formed a temporary truce and had combined to crush the young teacher between their opposing views. If he said No, Rome would dispose of him; if he said Yes, he faced the wrath of patriotic Jews. These questioners were not seeking a solution of the difficult and dangerous problem imposed by the tyrant's exaction of taxes from a proud but conquered people; they were seeking rather a solution of their own problem—how to rid the land of this strang young man who became more and more a threa to their established institutions and their pe sonal interests.

What the Pharisees and the Herodians tried t do by cunning, the Sadducees sought to accomplis by ridicule. Their question was this: "Seven me on this earth, brothers, obedient to the Mosai Law, had—one after another—the same woman a wife. In the resurrection, whose wife will she be?" It was a deceptive question, the purpose of whic was not to solve a real problem, but rather t make Jesus' belief in the resurrection appea ridiculous. Such questions Jesus did not answer In each case he responded not to the farcical ques tion but rather to the factual situation. So far a their questions were concerned Jesus left them as Henry Thoreau put it, "no wiser than befor as to which was which; for they did not wish t know."

No Wiser than Before

The Christian gospel does not answer irrelevant and insincere questions. Conspicuous questions which want to show off the knowledge we have acquired; academic questions which seek answers to charm and titillate the mind; aggressive questions by which we ward off the stern judgments and rigid imperatives of our Lord's command; frivolous questions which finger the bizarre trivialities of religion and divorce the mind and will from the serious and somber realities of life; apologetic questions which relieve our own sense of guilt by blaming circumstances, ancestors, rivals or any thing other than ourselves; distract-

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KYLE HASELDEN preached this sermon last fall at the Baptist Temple in Rochester, New York, before leaving his ministry there for the Temple in Charleston, West Virginia, one of the largest churches in the American Baptist Convention.

questions by whose pleasant detours we escape rigors and the glories of life—these are the stions the Christian gospel does not answer. vill leave you no wiser than before as to which which if you do not really want to know.

But do you sincerely want to know whether d is and whether he is a loving Father? Do you nger and thirst after his righteousness? Do earnestly and sincerely want from him a owledge that is deeper than knowledge? Approach Christ with a needful question and he will e you a satisfying answer. Approach God with ital question and "if with all your heart you ly seek me, you will surely find me; thus saith God."

Wrong Questions

Jesus also refused to give a specific answer to *long questions*. Much of humanity's problem es out of the fact that we ask the wrong questions, not having what Paul called "a sense of hat is vital."

Here our best illustration comes from Luke 10. lawyer, having been unsuccessful in putting sus to test, seeks to justify himself by asking is question, "Who is my neighbor?" That is, someone has said, the most unanswered question in the New Testament. Neither at this point r at any other did Jesus answer that question defining who a neighbor is. It was the wrong estion. For, if the scribe could have had from sus a definition of a neighbor, then he would ve been justified in loving those who fell within at definition and in hating those who did not. othing, when you begin to analyze it, is quite pernicious in the field of human relations as is e defining of a neighbor. My neighbor, we say, fering our definition, lives next door, or is a ember of my church, my party, my color, my ub. All who fall within those classifications are eighbors to me and I shall love them as I love yself; but on those who are outside this definion I shall waste no love, for they are not my eighbors.

So Jesus did not answer that question. He told e story of the Good Samaritan and showed the wyer not what a neighbor is but what the lawyer imself must do to be a loving neighbor. When he ad finished his story, Jesus said, "Which of hese three, do you think, proved neighbor to the an who fell among the robbers?" The Christian uestion is not who my neighbor is but how I may rove to be a neighbor.

This is not the only wrong question that we sk; it is merely one among many: How can we efeat the enemy? How can we have children to e proud of? Will devotion to God give us a rich, ranquil life? If I forgive, will he accept my orgiveness? How much can I afford to contribute? f there is a God, why must I suffer? Sincere uestions, no doubt, but wrong questions. Such nquiries lie along the surface of life; we must earn how to push our interrogations down to lemental things, beyond our petty realm into the ove and truth of our God.

In the third place, Jesus did not attempt to answer *questions which cannot be answered.* There are questions which you can ask, but which cannot be answered unless you answer them in your own heart. You can ask, "Do I love my wife?" and if there is not a spirit in you which can answer that question, no one can answer it for you. You can stand in the Riverside Church, gazing at Hofmann's painting of "Christ in Gethsemane," and you can ask, "Do I feel the beauty and the power of this painting?" and if nothing within you responds and answers that question, no expert critic can help you.

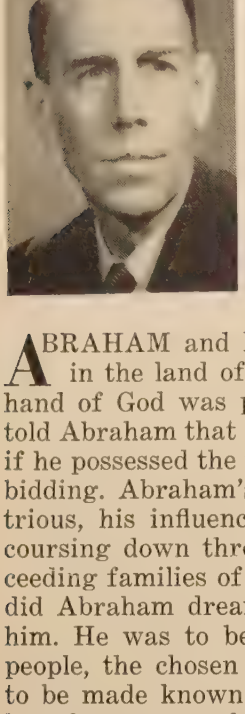
The chief priests and the elders came to Jesus saying, "By what authority are you doing these things?" Jesus answered them, "I will ask you a question; answer me, and I will tell you by what authority I do these things. Was the baptism of John from heaven or from men?" They, having deliberated, answered, "We do not know." And he said to them, "Neither will I tell you by what authority I do these things."

Answers Lie Within Us

We have often missed the penetrating quality of this scripture by treating the words of Jesus as a clever rebuttal which embarrassed and silenced the chief priests and elders. On the contrary, what he wanted to know from his hearers was this: "Do you have within you a spirit which recognizes holy things? Are you acquainted with the call of that God who ordained the prophet John? If so, then you know who I am and who sent me and who gave me my authority. But if you do not have that kind of perception, then it is useless for me to tell you of my authority, for there is not in you that which can recognize and accept that power which is in me."

In the realm of the spirit there are questions which we can ask the experts, but in the end we know the answers only in ourselves. For there is a truth which cannot be tested, a proof which cannot be demonstrated. We know or we do not know; we feel or we do not feel; it is there or it is not there; and what men say or do makes no difference. There is a knowledge from God which assaults the heart. It rings a bell within the mind; it turns on an inner light. It is soul touching soul; it is God in direct communion with man. If we have it, we do not need to ask anyone whether we have it; if we do not have it, no one need tell us so.

There is an old saying: "Never explain; your friends don't need it and your enemies won't believe it." That describes perfectly the attitude of Jesus. To his enemies he said, "You do not perceive it in yourself, therefore I cannot tell you what my authority is." But to his friend Peter he said, "Blessed are you, Simon Bar-Jona! For flesh and blood has not revealed this to you, but my Father who is in heaven." And that remains the disposition of Christ toward us in our day. If we know him as Master, Lord, Savior, Friend, we need no external confirmation of that knowledge. Flesh and blood have not revealed it to us, but our Father who is in heaven.



The Canaanite Is Everywhere

By Paul S. Kershner

The Canaanites were in the land. Genesis 12:6.

ABRAHAM and his family were nicely settled in the land of the Ur of Chaldees when the hand of God was placed upon his shoulder. God told Abraham that a glorious destiny awaited him if he possessed the faith and gallantry to heed his bidding. Abraham's name was to be made illustrious, his influence would be a healing stream coursing down through history to touch all succeeding families of the earth with blessing. Little did Abraham dream what God had in store for him. He was to become the father of a mighty people, the chosen ones through whom God was to be made known to millions. Abraham was to be a forerunner of Christ. Of this Abraham could know nothing. All he could know was that now the voice of God came urging him to leave the land of his fathers for the land of God's promise.

So he journeyed from Ur of the Chaldees to Haran, where he dwelt awhile, and thence at seventy-five years of age to Canaan. As Abraham and his fellow travelers stood upon the banks of the Jordan they viewed afar the promised land: low lying, with wide and fertile valleys that swept away until the far hills began their gentle rise. Here was a delightsome place where sheep might safely graze; fields of grain bend and sway beneath the caressing of soft winds. Here the little souls in Abraham's keeping could know peace and security, find refuge and haven and an end to long wanderings. Canaan appeared as a truly promised land where high hopes and long deferred dreams might at last come true under God's good guidance.

Disappointed Hopes

But this idyllic scene and Abraham's beatific vision were rudely jolted by the jarring fact which is our text: "The Canaanites were in the land." And that made a deal of difference. With a Canaanite, possession was about ten tenths of the law. He was not only in the land; he had not the slightest intention of leaving the land. Furthermore, Canaanites were not the easiest people to get along with as anyone might suspect who remembers them to be the descendants of Ham, who was not the best son Noah ever had. Their rea tion to any information that Abraham had be directed to Canaan by Jehovah, the one true Go would likely be a terse three-word question sp out quickly: "Who is he?"

Our sympathies are with Abraham. It was blow to come to the beauty and bounty of t promised land only to have that vision marred the presence of Canaanites. Our sympathies a with Abraham because as he found life, so have v often found it. Some Canaanite is always about.

Our Promised Lands

Take, for example, the promised land of ma riage. The privilege of establishing a home, rea ing a family, passing on the heritage of our nam trying to direct children to embrace the values w consider significant—this appears as one of life truly great opportunities and blessings. Esp cially so when there is found the one person i all the world whom we consider perfect to embar with us upon the realization of these high endea ors. One hopes that all young couples who pligh their troth at this and every altar are standin on the far side of Jordan looking westward int Canaan with stars in their eyes. But presently the will likely discover a Canaanite in the land: som streak of temperament they did not know the possessed or an unguessed characteristic of thei partner. It might be jealousy, or one of dozen other forms of emotional instability. I might be the impossibility of having children o the fact that children did not turn out to be winge angels. It could be illness, financial difficulty, dis satisfaction with one's work . . . oh, the Canaan ite may don many garbs, but he will be ther lurking about the promised land of matrimony And you will know better than I what your Ca naanite looks like.

Or here is the promised land of college towar which the young person happily sets his face Someone has foolishly told him that the next fou years are to be the happiest years of his life— crazy remark which puts a premium on imma turity. But he has heard it and possibly believe it. Anyway, he is going to be on his own in col lege; freed from all those parental hedges he ha longed to overleap. He can live his own life, g where he wants to go, do what he wants to d But a Canaanite will also be attending the colleg of his choice. He will have enrolled the year be

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fore and will be on hand waiting for him, acting, like as not, as a sophomore is supposed to act toward a freshman. The Canaanite may be difficulty with just one subject when all others go passably well. He may be a personality clash with a roommate, or the disappointment in not making the sorority or fraternity of his choice. He may be the weakness in character which keeps the student from wisely handling his new found freedom. He might be old-fashioned homesickness or a sense of inferiority. But whatever, he *will* be there complicating the promised land of college and making the student wonder sometimes if it were not better for him to go back to Akron in the land of Haran or further back still all the way to the Ur of the Chaldees.

Or take the promised land of labor. You decide what you want to do in life, prepare yourself as best you can, and then find an opportunity to take a job for which you are fitted. The job looks good. You have carefully considered it from every angle. The hours are fine; the pay is, of course, not what it might be, but there is a chance for advancement. You like the people you met at the place of work. Akron is a good town in which to live and so, pleased with the prospect, you begin. Before a fortnight has passed you will doubtless discover that a Canaanite is on the payroll. Maybe in the form of a fear that you are a square peg in a round hole and this is not the kind of work for which you were cut out after all. Or, perhaps, the moral climate of your place of work is disappointing and distressing: too much liquor given away at Christmas time, or you are requested to act dishonestly. Or it may be that there is one part of the job which you heartily detest—like a minister friend who said that he liked everything about the ministry but preaching, pastoral calling and studying. With you, however, it is not that bad. You like all but one part, but that is so thoroughly disliked that the joy is taken from the remainder. One hates to admit it but quite likely some Canaanite will be in the land of labor as a threat to your complete peace of mind.

Symbol of Trouble

And what about the promised land of religious experience? Some prompting of the divine spirit suddenly commands our hearts and minds and we are ashamed of the shallowness or downright evil of our ways. We suddenly behold the beauty which is Christ's way of life or are struck with the long-suffering love of God and his constant goodness. We decide to turn the cup of our days upward for God to cleanse and to fill. We long, under the guidance of his spirit, to become something more and better than we have ever been. So, praying for forgiveness, we seek the new life; perhaps join the church as a sign of our sincere desire for a more abundant kind of life. It seems then as if we have come to the promised land. A sense of cleanness, strength, assurance, peace, joy rushes in upon us. We are happier than we have been for a long, long time. But even on the sacred soil of this promised land the Canaanite has pitched his tent. Old temptations return after a season to baffle and disarm us. Doubts arise to trouble our newly won assurance of faith. The initial thrust of enthusiasm wanes. Our Bibles are infrequently opened; daily prayers are neglected and the call to worship is heeded only when the mood is upon us. The minister is not always helpful and several of the church members are not as friendly as they should be. Before the terrible needs of the world you think the church moves far too slowly. Canaanites are in the land—even the promised land of religious experience.

What shall we do about the ubiquitous Canaanite? There is no escaping him. He is the thorn in the rose. Wherever we go his shadowy form is present. His is the symbol of trouble, of imperfection which beclouds every picture.

We can, at least, expect him. It won't be necessary for us to go around in a dark, morose mood looking for him. He will make his presence known soon enough without our rummaging around to ferret him out. But we can prepare ourselves by a calm expectancy so that when he does make his appearance in the land we will not be taken by surprise. We will greet him then not by shocked surprise or with injured feelings or any disposition to feel we have been put upon and unjustly treated.

No genuine Christian is ever robbed of his realism. He does not expect life to be an unvaried diet of peaches and cream. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." "The Lord disciplines him whom he loves," and often employs a Canaanite in this capacity. The Canaanite is a necessary evil. As a matter of fact the strength and wisdom to conquer any given promised land is won by bouts with the Canaanite. His presence keeps us from going soft. Our powers are whetted and sharpened because of him. When properly handled he can add cubits to our characters.

We Build an Altar

We can do precisely what Abraham did when he found Canaanites in the land. We can build an altar. This might seem at first blush to be a dubious occupation under the circumstance; indirect, if not futile. Why not go out and engage the Canaanite in hand-to-hand conflict, join the issue, have it out with him? Not Abraham. The first thing he did was to erect an altar. That is, he sought to establish a right relationship with God, to have a rallying point for his reverence and to open his spirit to the wise and helpful promptings of the divine.

In my first parish a loyal Catholic remarked: "If it weren't for my religion I would go to pieces before the month is out." He was trying to keep a wobbly business going through depression days and had suffered an attack of coronary thrombosis. In his faith he discovered sources of peace and power which enabled him to keep journeying even though a couple of rather formidable Canaanites were in his land. He built an altar in his heart and that altar sustained him in an evil

(Continued on page 22)

Unbelief

By David A. MacLennan

Then Eliphaz the Temanite answered:
"If one ventures a word with you, will you be offended?
Yet who can keep from speaking?
Behold, you have instructed many,
and you have strengthened the weak hands.
Your words have upheld him who was stumbling,
and you have made firm the feeble knees.
But now it has come to you, and you are impatient [AV: and thou faintest];
it touches you, and you are dismayed."

Job 4:1-5.

IN our reflections on demons in the quadrangle I hope that it is evident that I identify myself with all who have been targets of "the fiery darts of the wicked one." A parson attending a Christmas party given for crippled children saw a little girl outside the door crying bitterly. She explained, "I can't get in, because there's nothing the matter with me." We can get in. "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

"Behold, you have instructed many, and you have strengthened the weak hands. . . . But now it has come to you, and you are impatient; it touches you, and you are dismayed."

The Devil's Advocate

Despite his name for wisdom, Eliphaz was the devil's advocate. At least he was a fellow-traveler of the Satanic party. For it is one of the stratagems of the father of lies to pose as realist, and as a believing realist at that. (A few years ago Paul Tillich spoke of belief-full realists.) To the man in a tight place, to a person with the props knocked from under him, the devil says in effect: "Let's face it. You've been among the believers, proclaimed the good news; if you have been a teacher, you have instructed many in the faith. You have been one of God's little helpers. But now when trouble comes you crumple, grow despondent and know yourself to be inadequate. What good is it? Why carry the impediments, the excess baggage of Christian beliefs?"

To Job he suggests that there must be something basically wrong with his character and conduct. To saints in the seminary, in the church, he knows better than to use that line. We are not that naive. Let him say to us, "Think now, who that was innocent ever perished? Or where were the upright cut off?" We could name a few, and hotly point to millions of people who were liquidated in spite of their relative innocence and integrity. It is not only "those who plow iniquity and sow trouble who reap the same"; it is frequently the saints-in-the-making, those who assent to the mighty creed of Christ, who have a rough time of it. Much more serious, at their elbows is one of the cleverest of Satan's operatives, with the plausible proposition that the facts of human experience make practice of the faith impossible for an intelligent and informed person.

The Chief Malady

This particular demon in the quadrangle makes the most of his assignment. He employs every device in the infernal stockroom to encourage practical unbelief.

For a moment let me join the consultants and practitioners of internal medicine gathered around the sick patient, the church. The room is crowded with specialists offering their diagnosis of the malady afflicting the poor body, and submitting their varied prescriptions. Is not the chief malady of the church, of us who profess and call ourselves Christians, unbelief? Christ's community knows that much is wrong with it. With considerable humility the church receives the rebukes and prescriptions of her critics. Would not the church save herself much diagnosis and needless surgery if she could see that frequently the Company of the Believers acts as a Society of Timid Little-Faiths? "Christ," said a 20th century saint, "asks nothing more of us than to be believed."

By unbelief is meant not inability to subscribe to the intellectual formulations of the faith. (These never should be disparaged or be the object of cheap sneers: Christianity is not so much a way of life as a way of life based on a creed.) "Even the demons believe—and shudder," observes the author of the Epistle of James. Nor do any of us oversimplify the matter by ascribing honest intellectual doubt to evil. Until we question, until indeed we face the stark alternatives

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DAVID A. MacLENNAN has returned to the parish ministry as pastor of Brick Presbyterian Church, Rochester, New York, after nearly six years at Yale Divinity School, where he preached this sermon as the third in a series of chapel addresses. Earlier this year Dr. MacLennan spent several months abroad. His speaking itinerary included Scotland, where he was the first American to give the Warrack Lectures since 1926 when the late Henry Sloane Coffin had this honor.

to the Christian interpretation of reality, our faith is credulity. To suppress doubts rigorously, as we would sin, is to deserve Coleridge's thrust: "You do not believe, you believe that you believe."

That which short-circuits our power, gives an air of unreality and staleness to our services and witness, is our failure to commit our lives to all that we know of God in Jesus Christ—not simply in one heroic act of self-dedication but day by day, in crisis after crisis, minor and major. This belief is trust, the vital response of the soul to all that God is, and has done, and is doing for us through the Lord Jesus Christ. It is the willingness and the action whereby we confide ourselves to him in spite of circumstances and in scorn of consequences.

'A Pearl of Great Price'

Accommodation to the demon of unbelief, refusal to bet our whole lives on the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, may explain why those on the outside have not been impressed that we have found something and been found by Someone worth possessing at any price. George Macleod of Iona, when a parish minister in an industrial section of Glasgow, told of a quasi-communist who visited him, and who smoked more of his cigarettes than any man he knew. This Marxist burst into Dr. Macleod's study one day to say, "You folk have got it: if only you knew that you had it and if only you knew how to begin to say it!"

Have we got it? or rather, has it "got" us?

Relatively small emergencies may reveal the answer. During Christmas vacation a year ago I was up in the air on two memorable occasions. (This is not news to my colleagues and friends; it is thought by them to be a chronic condition.) I made two fairly long journeys by plane. On both flights a demon accompanied us. He may have been a playful gremlin trying out his wings, and ours. On the first flight across Canada, we had left Winnipeg and were an hour in the air en route to Vancouver when my seatmate remarked a disconcerting fact: we were flying east instead of west. Then he called my attention to something unusual happening to one of the port engines. It was leaking oil. "That's strange," he said next. "They're dumping a lot of gasoline." Immediately came an announcement that due to mechanical difficulties we were lightening the load and returning to Winnipeg. A week later, on a two-engined plane from Miami to Nassau in the Bahamas, we were sailing over the beautiful Caribbean when the starboard engine developed what seemed to an earthling to be a giant's case of whooping cough. Over the loudspeaker came the not-too-reassuring voice of a steward informing us that, since in the pilot's view one motor had a rough magnet (later we learned it was a "blown cylinder"), we would return to Miami for a new plane. He added, only, of course, in formal obedience to instructions, that life jackets could be found in the backs of the seats.

Need I add that in both instances the announcements created a holy hush in the ship's company? So thick was the existential tension that you could cut it with a dialectical knife. Believe it or not, in both situations a fellow passenger asked me a similar question: "What's the state of your nerves?" My response was what I thought was a calm noncommittal smile—which fooled nobody. I had a deeper question: "What was the state of my faith?" Now that "the last things," as far as my little pilgrimage was concerned, became a possibility, now that it came to me, why did I grow dismayed? Of course, I recalled certain assurances from scripture, that armory of spiritual weapons: "Underneath are the everlasting arms"; "Lo, I am with you always"; "Be not afraid of them that kill the body and have no more that they can do." I even thought of that Scottish paraphrase,

> Art thou afraid his power shall fail
> When comes the evil day:
> And can an all-creating arm
> Grow weary or decay?

"Fear not, thou worm," Isaiah's rallying word to Jacob came with my name on it. Had I only sufficient religion for an emergency? Had I that much? We do not really believe our creed unless in moments of need we can say, "I believe—I confide myself to—the God, the Father Almighty, and to Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; to the Holy Spirit, God at work . . ." with invisible trumpets sounding in our souls. "Above all, taking the shield of faith, with which you can quench all the flaming darts of the Evil One" is the secret for living and dying victoriously. It is also the equipment for walking mile after dusty mile the road of commonplace duty.

'Serious Unbelievers'

Satan's agents directed to penitent and forgiven sinners such as we know ourselves by God's grace to be, once led a Christian leader (the late W. R. Maltby of England) to suggest the formation of a new society—the Society of Serious Unbelievers. The rules would be three: 1) That each member believes enough to know himself an unbeliever. 2) That when any member attains to faith of New Testament dimensions, he be expelled from the society. 3) The aim of the society is its own extinction, under operation of rule two.

Like the original saint who proposed the society, I know that I am eligible for membership. You know whether you are qualified or not. If you are, then like me, you covet earnestly the honor of being among the first members to be expelled.

No God to Forgive

ALEXANDER V. G. Allen, in his biography of Phillips Brooks, tells this incident: " 'Why is it,' a friend once said to Phillips Brooks, 'that some of these men who call themselves atheists seem to lead such moral lives?' 'They have to,' was the reply, 'they have no God to forgive them if they don't.' "*

**Phillips Brooks*, by A. V. G. Allen. Dutton, 1907. Reprinted by permission.

Jesus Had the Right of It!

By Robert John Versteeg

They began to beg Jesus to depart from their neighborhood. Mark 5:17.

JESUS restored an insane man to his right mind. "The herdsmen fled, and told it." The townspeople appointed a delegation to go to Jesus and say something like this:

> How do you do, Jesus. You certainly are a powerful chap! It looks as if God is working through you. We think it's grand to know there's a man like you around. Heaven knows your kind is needed in this day and age! So many folks need to be put in their right minds. We assure you that you have our best wishes for continued success in your chosen field, wherever that may be. We think it's all very splendid. But wouldn't you rather be someplace else? Why don't you take a little boat trip? Things being what they are, you don't quite fit into our neighborhood.

They respectfully requested his absence. They cordially invited him to leave.

Our first hasty judgment on these folks is to call them foolish. But they were not. They were farsighted. They could see that having a man like Jesus around would cause them all sorts of trouble.

Why the Commotion?

Why did these Gadarenes want Jesus to go? Because they were angry that he cured a madman? I don't think I would have been angry about that, had I been one of them. This fellow was roaming around loose. He was too strong to be bound up any longer, even with chains. He had to be driven out to the tombs and there he stayed. But there was no telling when he might stray toward town. It was not safe for the children. They loved to play and run and, no matter how often they might be warned not to go near the tombs, children sometimes forget. Besides, there was that screaming in the night. You can get used to factory whistles and jet planes, but I think that screaming would have got on your nerves. No, I would have been perfectly happy to have the poor devil cured of his madness.

But here come the herdsmen to town! They're as angry as a pair of cab drivers with bent fenders. They're talking to the townspeople and getting up a posse. What's the trouble?

> You know old Legion the crazy man? Well, some dirty Jew—everybody knows how them Jews hates pigs—some dirty Jew name of Jesus made the crazy man's demons go into our pigs and the pigs jumped into the lake and drowned! Two thousand head! Our whole business—gone! We'll show this Jew-boy he can't pull that kinda stuff around here! Who's he think he is, anyway? We'll run him out on a rail!

Better watch your step there. Don't get too tough with a man who can do that sort of thing. No telling what he might take into his mind to do to *you*. Be polite, diplomatic. Meekly ask him to leave our neighborhood. Just so you get rid of him.

And so they did. If you had been there that day—as Jesus got back into his boat and left; as that crowd of people stood on the shore talking it over like folks who arrive when the ambulance leaves, everyone asking, "What happened?" "Did you see it?" some of them amazed at that man who had been insane as he started to tell what the Lord had done for him—if you had been there that day you might have heard one voice rise plaintively out of that crowd to hang in the air a question that no one answered: "Hey! What about my pigs?"

Yes, what about the pigs? Answer that and you have something. Which will it be: two thousand pigs on the market or one man in his right mind? If the pigs are worth more than a man in his right mind, then you cannot keep Jesus. *If you're going to keep the scale of values you have, then you must get rid of Jesus.*

Jesus cast out the demons and the Gadarenes cast out Jesus. Is it altogether beside the point to suggest that men generally cast out those who would cast out their demons? The really destructive demons, of course, were in the Gadarenes—the demons that made them revere the pigs they had, more than the healing power of Jesus they might have had. Is it possible that this sort of thing is a besetting fault of mankind?

That old Italian about seventy years of age seemed to be in his second childhood, for he did strange things. Like dropping iron balls from the Tower of Pisa, and like saying that the earth moved. The system of science backed by religion said that the earth did *not* move. Change the system they had? No! Out with Galileo's idea. That's simpler!

That Frenchman was almost beaten to death by his neighbors for practicing witchcraft. He claimed to have learned something new about dis-

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ROBERT JOHN VERSTEEG, now in his sixth year as a student pastor, serves Salem Methodist Church in Chicago while training for the ministry at Garrett Biblical Institute. He is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University and in 1948 was half of a two-man debate team which won the state high school debating championship in Ohio.

se and death. New? Ridiculous! Everything as known in the system they had: "The Lord ve and the Lord took away." That covered the hole field. Change the system? No! Throw Louis asteur out. Politely, if possible, but out!

That crazy German monk with his visions was aded straight for trouble and worse. Imagine allenging the authority of church councils and pe! Imagine criticizing the church and wanting reform it! Reform the church and its system? o! Excommunicate Martin Luther, dispose of m.

Why oust people like Galileo, Pasteur, Luther? ecause they were wrong? But no honest attempt as made to find out whether they were right. hey *could* not be right! For if Galileo was right, ience was wrong, and that was unthinkable! If asteur was right, medicine was wrong. If Luther as right, the church was wrong. If they were ght, then the old ideas, the old ways of believing d doing, would have to be changed. Science, edicine, the church—these had grown up rough the centuries. They were "the way of fe." Change them? Think of doing that! These en were wrong.

In the longer run, of course, those changes *were* ade. The old science went out, a new one took its ace. Medicine altered its ideas. The Roman hurch was soon busy amending itself.

If Jesus had the right of it, the Gadarenes were rong about the value of swine. If Jesus *is* right, nen men have been wrong about greatness. If esus *is* right, then men have been wrong about oodness. In fact, if Jesus is right, then men have een wrong.

'Either . . . Or'

If you care for fancy words, this is a dichotomy: ither Jesus was right, or the Gadarenes were. It as one or the other, but not both. The man who nows his logic will tell you that a dichotomy is ften a mistake in reasoning. A man who knows is religion will tell you that *this* dichotomy is true h life. "He who is not with me is against me." o one can serve two masters . . . You cannot erve God and mammon. That is the way Jesus alks: "either . . . or." It cannot be "both . . . and."

But we are slick customers, we human beings. e are first-rate matadors when it comes to han- ling dilemmas. We slide off their horns and grab hem by the tail. Look how we do it.

We convert the world into a duplex. Religion ves in one apartment, the rest of the world in he other. The name plate on one side says SACRED"; that on the other side, "SECULAR." nd we imagine life *can* be split up into compart- ments just like that. So we have no trouble with esus at all. We let him in very cozily. The swine re shut up in another room! We don't have to ut Jesus out. We lock him in.

Because of this system we occasionally hear olks say: "The preacher ought not talk about hus-and-so. His business is religion. We don't nind his trying to cast out society's demons; but eave our swine alone." The preacher has evidently made a mistake and walked into the wrong side of the duplex!

Now picture in your mind Holman Hunt's beautiful painting of Christ, holding a lantern in his hand, knocking at the door. Do you imagine Christ is trying to get into the house merely to find himself alone in a locked room, and denied entrance to the rest of the house? Do you suppose he wants to bring his light to one empty room? Do you think this Jesus you know will be content to have just a little slice of life, the so-called "sacred" part? I don't think so, either. Christ demands all of life. He needs to be Lord of all. If you bring life to him, you have to bring all of it. You remember the Mother Goose rhyme:

> I had a little dog whose name was Rover.
> When he lived, he lived in clover;
> When he died, he died all over.

Spiritually, you either live all over or die all over. "Religion," Robert Browning said, "is all or nothing."

The Modern Solution

To have let Jesus into that Gadarene village would have meant changing ideas about the relative value of sanity and swine. They would not make the change, so they had to get rid of Jesus. Now we modern Gadarenes have solved the problem. We soothe our consciences by giving him a house in the village all his very own. It is finely furnished. But we insist that he stay there. And we keep the swine elsewhere. Those of us who demand admittance to *all* of life for Jesus know full well that many of our basic ideas are going to have to be converted. May that be so! They are wrong; he is right.

See what we have done! Jesus, who loved to walk "the fair green hills of Galilee," is not permitted to move down our streets. He paces the floor behind a locked door, terribly concerned with what's happening outside, pleading to be set free to save men. We have our own way of putting Jesus out. We give him his little compartment. We put him away for safekeeping.

So we have the spectacle of lawmakers practically falling over each other in their rush to include God in the pledge of allegiance. Having put God in his niche, they settle down to the more ordinary business of armament racing. To take seriously this idea of a nation "under God" would cause us all sorts of trouble. What fantastic, far-reaching changes would have to be made!

We can pervert some wonderful things this way. We can even make the tithe a jail for Jesus. What a neat way that can be to compartmentalize him! You let him in to 10 per cent in order to lock him out of the ninety. The man who says, "Jesus, here is 10 per cent of my income; it's yours to spend as you wish," and then supposes he can do whatever *he* wishes with the rest, is only making that impossible division between secular money and sacred. You cannot serve God at church, mammon at the office. You cannot leave Jesus behind, locked in the sanctuary, when you go home.

Oh what it would mean to let Jesus into all of life! Of course, no one *really* intends to do much about changing things. Ah, but we will! They weren't going to change science, but they did. And medicine. And the church. Changes simply *have* to be made.

If you don't change, you don't live. When was the last time you saw a dinosaur? Conditions changed; he didn't. The funny thing about us is, once we've made a change, we somehow think no more changes will ever be made. We should know better by now. Who can picture the changes that are ahead?

'All Things Change'

International politics have changed. They have only begun to adjust to altered conditions. They will change still more. We are told that one day nations will surrender their sovereignty. "No!" we say. "Such a thing is unimaginable." But it will happen. The old politics won't do with modern travel, communication and atomic warfare. "Every nation for itself" is unrealistic now.

Economic systems change, too. The profit system has. Once everyone knew that the most important thing about economics was scarcity. We always needed more. Then came the 19th century. Here was new land and here were marvelous new machines to use that land. Since everybody needs more, just turn every man loose for himself and he'll make the most of it. So they did. Then conditions changed and there was plenty. In order to keep the system, you have to keep the conditions, you have to create scarcity. Eventually it becomes clear that the wiser course is to modify the system, to think in terms of what is good for all. Things have changed a great deal in fifty years. They will change again.

Systems must be geared to reality. Christians insist that reality is the life God lived in Jesus. Christians insist that reality is the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Theories must correspond to the facts. If I play with a tiger cub, that's all right. But if that cub grows up and gets "a lean and hungry look," someone is going to say, "You'd better stop fooling with that man-eater." Nonsense! Why should I change my ideas of what to do with him? Either I change my ideas to fit reality, or else I will be like the smiling lady from Niger. If history teaches us nothing else, it teaches that continuous change in the direction of reality is an absolute necessity. We change, or else. And that "or else" is real. Everett Tilson put it this way: "As we have come to recognize that God must be in control of all the world or none, so we must come to realize that if not all men are brothers we shall soon have no brothers at all."

This those Gadarene villagers did *not* realize. They were not interested in having the insane man for their brother; they were interested in their swine. What they had counted more than the healing he had. *He* did not belong to them. The *swine did.* The lunacy of the man called Legion was that he was "many" within himself. That madness Jesus cured. The larger lunacy of the villagers the selfishness that separated—that madness Jes was not permitted to heal. To have health, would first have been necessary to purge selfis ness. The Gadarenes looked at the madman a they could only say, "My pigs," not, "Thy mino That viewpoint Jesus always challenged. T Gadarenes had an "exclusive" neighborhood. therefore had to exclude Jesus.

We must let Christ control all of life. We da not raise the question, "What about my pigs Many things are going to change. They are goi to change inevitably if we speak the truth wh we claim that Jesus everlastingly has the right it, that he is the Truth, Reality. Our lives a going to have to be transformed until all of li measures up to the stature of the fullness Christ. The welfare of our brothers is going to more important than our possessions. Men a going to minister rather than grab what they ca while the grabbing's good. They are going to lo their lives instead of seeking them. They are goir to leave off looking out for Number One and sta looking for God's Kingdom and righteousnes They are, in a word, going to stop praying, *"M* Father," and start praying, *"Our* Father." Me do not think they can change, so long has th whole system of life rested on foundations of sel But they will. Or else.

Transformed Lives

What it boils down to is this: we have to decid what we want. An insane person is out of touc with reality, he cannot see facts as they are. H does not deal with real situations, but with wha he *thinks* are the situations. Do we keep our pres ent systems of values, with men bruising them selves with stones, and do we go on listening t the screams? Or do we want men clothed in thei right minds—do we change the systems and wel come the healing presence of Jesus?

What I have said has made sense to some o you. Yes, politics and economics and ethics mus change to fit God's way. Those Gadarenes did no object to Jesus having *a* neighborhood. But the begged him "to depart from *their* neighborhood." Jesus is in *your* particular neighborhood now. I is not just "mankind" in general Jesus is con cerned about; he is concerned about you. An those Gadarenes did not mind Jesus restoring their insane man. What they could not take was that he forced them to reconsider their ideas of *al* of life; whether it was more important to have a right mind, or to retain their obsolete, selfish standards of values.

If you say, "Come to my heart, Lord Jesus, there is room in my heart for thee," know in advance that Jesus will not be content with only your heart. He is going to demand a *whole* response, all of you. You are going to have to make changes in your life you would never before have believed necessary or possible. You will be clothed in your right mind. Human nature abhors a change. But when the prison gates swing open releasing a prisoner, that means a change for him.

David M. Byers

1955 Selections

SEMINARIAN PREACHER

of the Year

Joel A. Hartman

FOR the fifth successive year The Pulpit cooperated with the Chicago Sunday Evening Club in selecting a Seminarian Preacher of the Year. The 1955 award, including a check for $100, went to Robert John Versteeg, a student at Garrett Biblical Institute. His sermon, which begins on page [illegible], was delivered in Orchestra Hall, April 24, at the closing session of the Sunday Evening Club's 1955 season.

Recipient of an award of $50 cash and a five-year subscription to The Pulpit was David M. Byers, a graduate student at Union Theological Seminary and assistant minister of Woodlawn Heights Presbyterian Church in New York. A native of Salina, Kansas, Mr. Byers holds a B.A. degree from the College of Wooster, where he taught political science for two years after receiving his M.A. degree from Columbia University. During World War II he served in Europe with the U.S. Army artillery.

Third selection, with an award of $25 cash and a three-year subscription to The Pulpit, went to Joel Arden Hartman, a senior at the Theological Seminary of the Evangelical and Reformed Church at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. After graduating from Franklin and Marshall College, Mr. Hartman studied at the University of Munich as a research fellow under auspices of the Bavarian State Committee for Cultural Exchange. Upon his graduation from the seminary last month, he became full-time pastor of the five churches of the Freeburg (Pa.) Charge, which he had served as student pastor for a year, with his wife as director of Christian education.

Seven honorable mention selections, each of whom received a two-year subscription to The Pulpit, follow: Michael J. Colton, San Francisco Theological Seminary, San Anselmo, California; Cecil Findley, Evangelical Theological Seminary, Naperville, Illinois; Howell Foster, Lutheran Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; Robert McClelland, McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago; Arthur Paul Nancarrow, Seabury-Western Theological Seminary, Evanston, Illinois; Clifford H. Taylor, Brite College of the Bible, Texas Christian University, Fort Worth; Robert Wallace, Union College of British Columbia, Vancouver.

Like the theological schools which entered sermons, the board of judges for the selections represented Canada as well as all parts of the United States. Its members were Oscar F. Blackwelder, Lutheran Church of the Reformation, Washington, D.C.; Henry Hitt Crane, Central Methodist Church, Detroit; Ernest Marshall Howse, Bloor Street United Church, Toronto; Harold C. Phillips, First Baptist Church, Cleveland; Harold L. Lunger, First Christian Church, Tucson; Theodore A. Gill and Alton M. Motter, representing The Pulpit and the Chicago Sunday Evening Club.

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ock Jesus up and you lock yourself in. Are we ntent with our prison, "the noisy sickroom of rselves"? Are we afraid to open the door beuse it will mean change?

If we are, we miss the point Jesus came to ake: that we all belong to God's family and so elong together in all of life. We must be transrmed to the reality Ephesians knew: "One God nd Father of us all, who is above all and through ll and in all." "Me, my, mine" is just naturally ne philosophy of the swine. That sort of thinking annot endure the presence of Jesus, with whom our" and "we" are the A B C's of all of life.

The Lord said,
"Say, 'We' ";
But I shook my head,
Hid my hands tight behind my back, and said,
Stubbornly,
"I."

The Lord said,
"Say, 'We' ";
But I looked upon them, grimy and all awry.
Myself in all those twisted shapes? Ah, no!
Distastefully I turned my head away,
Persisting,
"They."

The Lord said,
"Say, 'We' ";
And I,
At last,
Richer by a hoard
Of years
And tears,
Looked in their eyes and found the heavy word
That bent my neck and bowed my head:
Like a shamed schoolboy then I mumbled low,
"We,
Lord."*

*Karle Wilson Baker, "Pronouns." *The Burning Bush* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1922).

The Leaky Cisterns of Our Society

By Robert E. Seymour

"For my people have committed two evils:
they have forsaken me,
the fountain of living waters,
and hewed out cisterns for themselves,
broken cisterns,
that can hold no water."

Jeremiah 2:13.

IT is a rare man who can distinguish clearly between the true and the false values of the society of which he is a part. The prophet Jeremiah was such a man. He appeared on the stage of Hebrew history at a time when their civilization had begun to crumble, yet he possessed that rare ability to see in his own society signs of disintegration and to point out with unmistakable accuracy the false values upheld and sanctioned by his contemporaries. So distressed was Jeremiah by the popularly supported false values of his people that he felt called to speak out against them and in these vivid words of our text he described the sins of his society. Moffatt, in his translation, makes Jeremiah's indictment against the Hebrew people compare their false values to "leaky cisterns," resulting in emptiness that comes when secondary values are put in first place. Were Jeremiah to survey our own society today as he did his then, I wonder if we would not be the subjects for a similar sermon. I wonder if perhaps he would see signs of disintegration in our society. I wonder what he would think of the values we hold in first place. Have our values come to us from that fountain of living waters—even Jesus Christ—or have we, like the Hebrew people of old, hewed out for ourselves false values, leaky cisterns, that can hold no water?

Success Misinterpreted

It seems to me that we have hewed out for ourselves a leaky cistern in our understanding of what constitutes success. Few words in our vocabularly have become so limited in meaning as has this one, for when we say that a person has been successful we all too often are simply trying to say that he has done well financially as if to equate the two: that to be successful to make money, is to have an abundance of m terial things. Even Christian people are guilty gauging the success of a man by the kind of hou he lives in, the kind of car he drives or the te ture of clothing he wears. Some of our you people have become so indoctrinated in this w of thinking that in their choice of a life vocati the potential financial return has become a pr mary consideration. A recent critic of the U. has said, "Our greatest sin as a nation is an inad quate sense of values resulting from an ove concern with material possessions. If the mo important thing in your life is your bathtu your refrigerator, the money in your pocket, a new car, you have the American ideal of wh constitutes success." George Buttrick says, "Su cess in trade has become our religion. The mark report is its Bible, the bank its church, the ef ciency expert its prophet, and the directors' mee ing its sacrament." So general has this adopti of a false value become that the other day I hea it epitomized in this statement of a man to m who argued, "Religion is the consolation pri for those who didn't succeed."

Efficiency Overrated

How far we have come from the conviction tha only the religious man knows the true meanin of success! We have exchanged the fountain o living waters—even Jesus Christ—for a leak cistern. The disciple of Jesus Christ knows tha though he gain the whole world and lose his ow soul, he is nothing. He is the man for whom lif retains its meaning and purpose even though h business may fail. He is the man who judges h success not by comparing his lot to the materia riches of others but by humbling himself befor God in a knowledge of the richness of his grac

We have hewed out for ourselves another leak cistern in our zeal for efficiency. We have hire efficiency experts to help us race through life try ing to make every minute count. Certainly it i good to strive for efficiency but only in so lon as we do not make of it a primary value an sacrifice personal values. Some of our streamline businesses have robbed many men of the persona dignity that might have been theirs had they ha the chance of ruling in a small store all thei very own. Our gigantic industries, in their pas

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ROBERT E. SEYMOUR became pastor of the Baptist Church in Mars Hill, North Carolina, in March after his return from travels in Europe and the Near East. In June 1954 he received the Ph.D. degree from the University of Edinburgh. He is also a graduate of Duke University and Yale Divinity School, and formerly was minister of the Baptist Church in Warrenton, North Carolina. In his new charge he ministers to much of the student body of Mars Hill College.

on for efficiency, have all too often made their machines the masters of the men who run them ather than the men the masters of the machines, obbing many laborers of the joy that might have een theirs through craftsmanship and taking ride in their product produced.

Willy Loman, the tragic figure from the play Death of a Salesman" says succinctly what I am ying to say in that scene where he is fired from is job because his growing age has reduced his ficiency and output. He cries out to the new oung president, "I have put 34 years into this rm. You can't eat the orange and throw away he peel—a man is not a piece of fruit!" Whenver our efforts for achieving efficiency result in ealing with man as an impersonal object, we ave forsaken the fountain of living waters—ven Jesus Christ.

During the last census, it is said that when n efficient tabulator approached a not-too-intelligent but most cooperative woman and asked her ow many children she had, she at once began o give him their names. The census taker impaiently interrupted her saying, "But I don't want hat; I only want their number." But the woman rotested, "My children don't have numbers, hey've all got names." This trend toward treatng persons as objects is seen in our tendency to peak in statistics, to lose sight of the individual aces behind the figures, and in our mass-produced beltline education, in our greater concern with products and profits than the people who make them.

Has our efficient society taken us so far from people that it is easier to hurt them? Segregated us so far from certain groups that we fail to think of them as persons as we are? If so, we are following the line of the communist's philosophy which disregards the pre-eminence of persons, which in its ambition to achieve a completely efficient society is willing to liquidate any person or group of persons who stand in the way: the sick, the aged, the useless.

Too Busy to Help

Just the other day I was talking to a doctor who said that over half of his patients were men and women who were not physically ill, but persons caught in a society where all were too busy to take time to help them iron out their problems. One cannot read the New Testament without being impressed by the fact that Jesus was never in such a hurry that he could not take time to sense the needs of the persons around him. Halford Luccock says that we can almost read between the lines of the Gospels and sense that the disciples were often impatient with Jesus for the multiple stops he made along the way. We can almost see them efficiently rushing Jesus through the crowds so that he would not be detained, wringing their hands lest he get behind schedule when he becomes aware of someone's having touched the hem of his garment, impatiently telling the children to "get out of the way, that Jesus didn't have time for them." Yet he says, "Oh yes, plenty of time, suffer the little children to come unto me." How often we get so tied up in this business of everyday living, of getting things done, that we overlook the needs of the individuals closest around us. If we so cherish efficiency that we have no time for the persons with whom we work, then we have hewed out for ourselves a leaky cistern that can hold no water, having forsaken the fountain of living water—even Jesus Christ.

Righteousness May Bring Discomfort

One further leaky cistern of our society has been brought to us by the popular new science of psychology. We have heard so much about being socially adjusted and well integrated and that this seems to be the modern man's ideal for living. We read such books as *How to Win Friends and Influence People* and *The Way to Power and to Poise,* for we have developed great fears about the possibility of being maladjusted, of being a social misfit. This kind of guidance has its place, but I wonder if it has not gone too far—at least for the Christian. How can a Christian ever have peace of mind so long as he is aware of evils in the society around him that should be corrected? How can a Christian ever be completely comfortable when he knows that many men are uncomfortable? The aim of Christianity is not to make us comfortable and well adjusted to our society but rather to equip us to deal with our society; to be the friction that rubs out the rough spots, that we like the oyster, irritated by the dirt beneath his shell, may respond to the ills of our society with a commitment to change the dirt to pearls. Eugene Debs understood this when he said, "As long as there is a criminal element, I am a part of it; as long as there is one man in jail, I am not free."

Let us not forget that Jesus was a misfit. Indeed his good life made him such a misfit in society that men could find no place for him and sent him to a cross. So sensitive was he to divine influence stirring his conscience that he could never be comfortable in this world. There were three men crucified on Calvary—two because they were too bad and one because He was too good. Righteousness is costly and frequently causes discomfort.

True Measure of Success

I am thinking of Shaw's play "Saint Joan." Joan's devotion to the cause of truth made her unpopular in her society and her unpopularity ultimately led to her death. In that magnificent epilogue of the play, all those who had had a part in her execution are seen talking together and penitently wishing that Joan who had now been cannonized would return to the earth again. When word came to them that indeed Saint Joan would return to the earth and immediately, all those who had been against her, reassumed their roles as her persecutors. The play leaves you with this searching question, "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy

saints? How long, O Lord, how long?" If our ideal is to become completely comfortable in our society, we have forsaken the fountain of living waters—even Jesus Christ—and have hewed out for ourselves a leaky cistern, that can hold no water.

Those who know the gospel of Jesus Christ know that a man can measure his success only in terms of his having aligned his life to the will of God. Those who know the gospel of Jesus Christ know that efficiency is a value to be coveted only in so far as it meets the needs of persons and does not run over persons. Those who know the gospel of Jesus Christ know that a man can be comfortable and adjusted to his surroundings only in so far as the evils of his society about him have been erased.

If our primary values are material success, business efficiency and social adjustment, we have hewed out for ourselves leaky cisterns, and whoever seeks to drink from these shall thirst again. But if we know that success means more than material gain, that persons are more valuable than efficiency, and that social concern is more important than social comfort, we are drinking from the fountain of living waters—even Jesus Christ— from him who said, "Whoever drinks of the water that I shall give him will never thirst; the water that I shall give him will become in him a spring of water welling up to eternal life."

Lewis Sermon Award

FIRST winner of the $500 Lewis sermon award at DePauw University was Robert Currie of Pekin, Ill., for his sermon, "Peace, But Not the Kiss of Peace." Established last June by Dr. Franklin Lewis, of Webster Groves, Mo., the award is to be presented annually to the junior pre-ministerial student who writes and delivers the best sermon in the competition. Dr. Lewis, former Methodist minister in Indianapolis, endowed the award with a $10,000 gift in memory of his daughter, Florence Ruth Lewis.

The Canaanite

(Continued from page 13)

day. It will be so for every man who builds an altar in the presence of the Canaanites who surround him. That altar will remind him that he is not alone. The experience which Abraham had after he built his altar will also be his experience. Note the four significant words which close the account of Abraham's altar building: "So he built there an altar to the Lord, who had appeared to him."

When we build an altar the Lord appears unto us with words of comfort, counsels of strength, gifts of tact, treasures of understanding, infusions of courage. What we lacked in our own feeble strength to handle the Canaanite comes from God who will appear to us when we build an altar.

How can we expect to journey through life with the desired poise, the necessary strength, without an altar; without reliance upon the courage and power which are the priceless gifts of high religion? Canaanites will trouble us all to the very end. We never reach a promised land on earth where they are not. We must find power to live and walk in spite of them. It can be done. Abraham did it, by the power of the altar which he built at every stage of his journey through the land where the Canaanites were. The Bible puts in a restrained but pointed way the triumph which finally was Abraham's and can be ours: "And Abraham journeyed on, still going . . ." even though the Canaanites were in the land.

MEASURING UP

A Children's Sermon for Father's Day by Carlton Van Ornum

First Methodist, Camden, New York

ON the door jamb of my father's study there used to be many small pencil marks at varying heights with dates written after each line. The lines began at the four-foot level and graduated toward the high mark of five feet nine inches. There were three boys in our family, and on every birthday Dad used to place us against the door jamb and record our heights, putting the dates after the line. Then we would glance up at Dad's high level of five feet nine inches and ask him how we were measuring up. He would smilingly look down and say, "Son, you are growing higher every year and soon you will be up here with me."

The older we boys became the more we realized that we were growing higher toward Dad's level, and it was a day of great celebration when our birthday height showed that we had tied his high mark. As we became men, however, we saw that while all three of us had passed Dad's mark on the door jamb, he had left another kind of mark in life too high for any of us to reach. Dad had grown close to God as he grew in height, and we came to realize that his words were still as true as when he used to look down upon us and say, "Sons, you are growing higher every year and soon you will be up here with me." We are still trying to measure up to his high level. Are you?

Pulpit Post

eautiful Isle'

SIR: No one familiar with the life d writings of Jessie Brown Pounds uld have written, as did Raymond Balcomb (Feb.), that "'When You me to the End of a Perfect Day' and eautiful Isle of Somewhere' are not ristian either in origin or mean- g.'"

The Rev. John E. Pounds told me is story of the writing of "Beautiful le." It was a raw, wintry day, and e streets were almost impassable om ice and snow, but Mrs. Pounds as "in the Spirit" on that Lord's ay and wrote this poem at one sit- ng. Her vision of this "land of the ue where we live anew" is much more nsonant with the views expressed in *he Golden Book of Immortality* (pp. 3-183) than is the imagery in the ook of Revelation. Mrs. Pounds wrote any gospel hymns such as "The Way the Cross Leads Home," "Anywhere ith Jesus," "My Wonderful Dream" nd "I Know That My Redeemer iveth."

A notable instance of the use of Beautiful Isle" was that at the neral of Pres. McKinley. I am in ccord with the statement by Lloyd ouglas, in his *Everyday Life of a inister*, to the effect that no matter ow incongruous or inappropriate ey may seem to others, the wishes f the family should be acceded to in e selections to be sung at the funeral ervice.

WALLACE TUTTLE.
Kansas City, Mo.

hey Disagree

SIR: Any day now I expect Morton nslin to write a column on "How I ttained Humility." His "Must We Be o Silly?" (May) is another example f his tendency to write on any and very subject, whether he knows a hing about it or not. If Brother En- lin doesn't like the idea of a cross nade of charred wood from Hiro- hima, that is his business. For him to ay that this means that the church where Dr. Allan Hunter has been the minister for many years, is making eligion "trivial and tawdry . . ." nakes me want to ask, "Must We Be o Silly?"

MARVIN A. JOHNSON.
Community Methodist,
El Segundo, Calif.

SIR: Re: Morton Enslin; I like the guy! It seems that every emanation from Enslin boomerangs a fulmination. If the clerics can't take it, what *do* they do about the stuff from a Greater than Enslin like "Blessed are those who mourn" and "Let the children come to me"? It's still the principle of the thing.

CHARLES J. HARRIS.
Holy Trinity United Lutheran,
Miami, Florida

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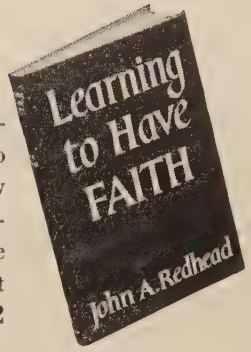

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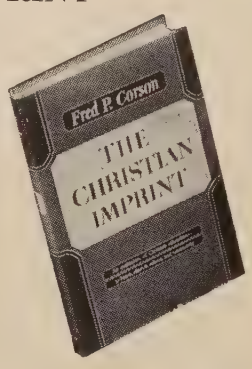

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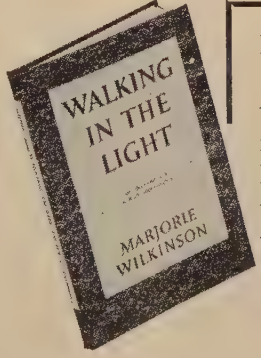

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Pulpit Patter

By Morton S. Ensli

Isn't It Worth a Sermon?

THURSDAY afternoon my wife returned from a bridge party held in a near-by hotel under the auspices of, if my failing memory is correct, a Federation of Women's Clubs. Being a reasonably dutiful spouse, she has her husband's comfort always to the fore. On the table at which she played were several packs of paper matches of the distinctly *vere de vere* sort: gold covered, double width, in fact distinctly Oh My! None of her foursome smoked. It seemed to her thrifty soul a pity to waste them. Hence she brought them home, in part, I fancy, to enable me to keep my pipe aglow with less frequent raids on the kitchen matchbox.

The proper query to all this is "So what?" My reason for chronicling it was that inspection of said matches revealed the presence of a bit of modest advertising by one of the local big-time undertakers: "Seven spacious and air-conditioned apartments; pipe organ; elevator service; immediate service." Some weeks before I had received through the mail a blotter from another undertaker—nay, nay; a "funeral director-mortician"—some miles to the south. Its theme song was that while death is sad it should never be gloomy. To press home this point the enterprising specialist had printed the picture of a very snappy young female, with smiling face and opened arms. Under her ran the legend: "Let me ease your sorrow." I presume that authority on lessened grief believed the picture distinctly biblical. Anyhow, the gal on the blotter did not wear widow's weeds. In fact, she didn't wear anything at all. Perhaps a sort of subtle 20th century adaptation of "We brought nothing into the world, and we cannot take anything out of the world."

A New Note

A few days ago, while driving to the north, I saw, hobnobbing with Burma Shave octets and the scarcely less frequent "Jesus Saves," "Prepare to Meet Thy God," "Hell Is Just Around the Corner," a new sign (at least it was new to me): "Don't Take Chances; We Can Wait." The sponsor for this latter was the local undertaker.

My conscience and the calendar were telling me that copy for another column was due; these three told n the subject.

I have nothing against undertaker *per se*. Their task is undoubtedly necessary one, although why a ma should choose it appears to me a ques tion still awaiting the Sphinx. Tw of my very good friends are under takers—and both in a large way. T keep up their establishments, and th many more like them, requires mone and plenty of it. I could guess it i actually one of the big businesses o the country. Naturally they are no in business for their health. I hav no slightest desire to seem to clash with Holy Writ: "The laborer i worthy of his hire."

Beckoning Subject

But, quite despite the fact that most of the funerals I have attended in recent years have been marked with decorum and freedom from crassness — less casket-cover slamming, less tossing around of funeral pieces as soon as the last Amen has been said—there is still another side. No thoughtful and conscientious minister can escape it. Need I say, the utterly unnecessary and too-often-crippling expense to those least able to bear it? Costly caskets with their completely invisible, and unnecessary, hidden luxury of materials and upholstery for a few minutes of display, too often indulged in by those to whom the wasted dollars are sorely needed. It is unnecessary to belabor the point. Every parish minister knows the pitiful scandal. And he knows too the natural unwillingness of those stunned by their grief to seem to be niggardly, to fail to show the last respect to the one now gone, to have their concern seem to fall short of that of their friends and neighbors.

For the minister to try during those brief days of desolation and absence of clear sight to advise or to dissuade were folly, both senseless and cruel. If he still has the brains he was born with, he will walk with more than cautious step, even if he sees occurring what he most deplores. BUT! Once again should come the echo of that dreadful word in the Gospel: "The door was shut." Those words could have been spoken; the seed might have fallen on fertile soil. It appears to me sadly clear that we

(Continued on page 27)

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The Public Worship of God

Part II: The Word and Our Response

By the Officers of

University Presbyterian Church, San Antonio, Texas

THE second part of the liturgy of University Church follows from the first part. Becoming ready to put our whole trust in God and to be obedient to his will, it is now appropriate that we hear the Word of God as witnessed to by inspired men of old in the Holy Scriptures, and as it is proclaimed to us in the sermon by our pastor who speaks as a servant of the Word of God. The scripture lessons are read in order of ascending importance with the lesson from the Old Testament coming first, followed by a selection from the apostolic writings of the New Testament and concluded with a reading from one of the Gospel narratives of our Lord's sayings and actions. If there is a hymn or special music by the choir during this portion of the service, it is appropriate that it be a devotional comment on the scripture which is read. When the choir sings, it articulates the unspoken thoughts and the silent prayers of the congregation. This devotional aspect is emphasized by having the choir and organ to the rear of the sanctuary.

Participation of the Congregation

It is in this part of the service that we must be careful to be truly liturgical so that it is really the work of the people. The danger here is that the minister become regarded as a performer and the congregation as spectators. In fact, our reason for having the pulpit to one side is to remind us that not the minister but God is the center of attention. The minister is God's servant.

Where the Spirit of God is present among the people, we cannot passively hear his Word. We find that we are involved in what is said, that it encounters us at the very depths of our lives, in great matters and in small concerns. We find we cannot be merely spectators, but we participate together with the pastor in a living, active personal communion with God through his Word.

The third part of the service consists in our response to God on having received his Word. We have learned and we are now ready to dedicate ourselves. The Apostles' Creed helps us to give verbal expression to our faith. We should always remember that the creed is an expression and not th object of our faith, which is God. Th ritual of friendship helps us t acknowledge our willing participatio in the life of this congregation o which we are members. If we are no members we have an opportunity t indicate our desire to join the congre gation in its endeavor to serve God We can also show our friendship i we are visiting from other congrega tions.

At the offertory we present unt God, as a sacrifice of praise, gift from God's own bounty. The offertory has its historic roots in the primitive communion services of the church when the communicants brought no only gifts of bread and wine, but also offerings of many other sorts of food They were placed on the communion table and blessed in prayer. We follow this practice in the offering of our gifts for the work of the church as it seeks to serve Jesus Christ both here and to the very ends of the earth. As we offer our gifts we do so in a spirit of gratitude and thanksgiving and we express that spirit at the conclusion of the offertory in the doxology. Frequently this self-offering takes the form of the sacrament of holy communion which is the most complete dedication we can make in Christian worship.

Music Expresses Consecration

At the conclusion of the service we invoke God in prayer by "which we take refuge in him in any necessity." University Church follows the practice of the early church of having prayers after the sermon, immediately before the dismissal of the congregation. We present before God our concerns, both great and small—concerns which we have as individuals, as a congregation, and concerns which we have with God's people wherever they may be. We commit unto God not merely our concerns but ourselves, all that we are and all that we hope to be. With the ascription at the end of the Lord's prayer which concludes our prayers, "for thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever," we are reminded that our lives depend on the power and the goodness of God rather than on any security we can make for ourselves apart from God.

Pulpit Calendar

June 5—Trinity Sunday.
June 12—2nd Sunday after Pentecost. Children's Day.
June 19—3rd Sunday after Pentecost. Father's Day.
June 26—4th Sunday after Pentecost.
July 1—Dominion Day (Canada).
July 3—5th Sunday after Pentecost.
July 4—Independence Day.
July 10—6th Sunday after Pentecost.
July 17—7th Sunday after Pentecost.
July 24—8th Sunday after Pentecost.
July 31—9th Sunday after Pentecost.
Aug. 7—10th Sunday after Pentecost.
Aug. 14—11th Sunday after Pentecost.
Aug. 21—12th Sunday after Pentecost.
Aug. 28—13th Sunday after Pentecost.

(Pulpit Calendar lists dates in the calendar of the Christian year and other observances of national or religious significance.)

The concluding hymn seeks to express this consecration in song. With the benediction we are committed by the pastor to God's gracious care. The final choral amen signifies "So be it!" It is our joyous acceptance of God's will. The organ postlude expresses in music our affirmation of faith and assurance which has just been expressed in words.

Perhaps there are a few concluding words that need to be said. Concern is sometimes expressed by visitors about the strangeness of the hymns. Often the words are not familiar and sometimes familiar words are not set to tunes we have known from childhood. The hymns are chosen, however, with familiarity secondary to the meaning of the words and their appropriateness in the service. The music is chosen from the historical musical settings in which these hymns were intended to be sung. If you cannot sing them clearly, read the words to yourself. The words alone will help you to worship. In a short time hymns which are now unfamiliar will become familiar to you and have a rich meaning as well.

Most Meaningful Thing in Life

As in Presbyterian church government, the ruling elders of the congregation together with the pastor, constituting the session, have the responsibility of supervising our worship. Reporting to the session is an appointed worship committee which will gladly receive for consideration any suggestions or recommendations concerning our worship which you may have.

Sometimes impatience is expressed with regard to worship in the church, as if it is somehow irrelevant when there are so many problems in the world and so much needs to be done. But as the late Archbishop of Canterbury, William Temple, expressed it, "To worship is to quicken the conscience by the holiness of God, to feed the mind with the truth of God, to purge the imagination by the beauty of God, to devote the will to the purpose of God." In this light his further word is understandable when he could say, "This world can be saved from political chaos and collapse by one thing only, and this is worship." Our worship can mean this to us and it will become for us the most meaningful thing we do in life.

Enslin

(Continued from page 24)

ministers are sorely derelict at precisely this point. What is our function? Is it solely to defend a first century theology, good, bad or indifferent? Do we not have a responsibility as teachers along paths not labeled Salvation Avenue or Theology Street? We moan about the difficulty finding important and vital themes for our sermons, and too often we shut our eyes resolutely to subjects which beckon imperiously, at least wistfully.

It may not be so snappy a topic as premarital counseling, but I believe it would be more than worth the effort. Yes, Koheleth has still a word for us: "For everything there is a season . . . a time to keep silence, *and a time to speak.*" To answer the old query, "O Death, where is thy sting?" requires, it appears to me, a deal more than glittering generalities and dubious theology.

N. B.

They that wait for the Lord shall renew strength. Isaiah 40:31a.

WE are waiting creatures. However, the quality of our waiting is determined by the object or person for whom we wait. "They that wait for the Lord" know that their waiting is but a means of "renewal." They who wait for death bestow upon waiting the quality of death.—*John Biegeleisen,* Glimpses of Truth *(St. Louis: Eden, 1955).**

●

PRAYER is a perennial fact about men as men; and one might say that insofar as sophisticated moderns have assumed that prayer is an outworn, superstitious practice, they have by that token ceased to be men and have contented themselves with being a rather sophisticated variety of simian. — *W. Norman Pittenger,* Christian Affirmations *(New York: Morehouse-Gorham, 1954).**

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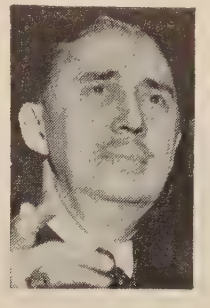
"Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war . . ."

THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD



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Preachers in Print

For Summer Study

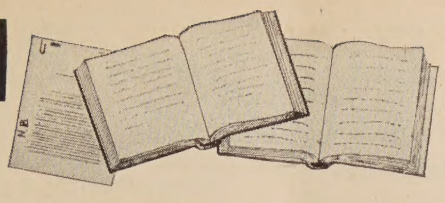
GOD'S GOOD NEWS. By **Gerald Kennedy.** 182 pages. Harper, $2.50. The big preaching event of any year in America is the delivery of the Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching at Yale Divinity School. Right next to it is the publication of last year's Beecher Lectures. The 1954 series by Gerald Kennedy is out now, to join its predecessors in the leavening and lifting of American preaching. This particular series ought to do more than that. Because the material is so extraordinarily preachable, it ought to lift and leaven many congregations, too. Bishop Kennedy took a bifocal look at his subject. Through the little part of the lens he kept a sharp eye on the preachers who were his first concern, but through the larger part his vision swept always the people who depend upon their preachers' edification. His concern is more with what we have to preach than how to preach it—as long as that is without notes! (Did that ever sting me.) So he takes up the Good News of God, the Good News of Action, the Good News of Law, the Good News of Concern, the Good News of Eternity and the Good News of Redemption. It seems an arbitrary list, at first, but on this outline the teacher spreads the whole gospel. Like the other great Methodists in our midst, he is an illustrating wizard. Smart preachers will want to go back to class—which is where reading this book will take them. It is full of the matter and material of first-rate preaching.

BEST SERMONS: 1955 edition. Edited by **G. Paul Butler.** 342 pages. McGraw-Hill, $4.50. Aristocrat among all sermon anthologies is Dr. Butler's annual *Best Sermons.* The 1955 edition continues the tradition of excellence. They are all here again, the virtuoso preachers of our day. Nibbling and tasting my way through their offerings, I find them all up to their authors' reputations and standards. The foreword by Dr. Halford E. Luccock is a warming encomium to preaching, and the sermons thereafter are evidence aplenty that thoughtful, imaginative preaching is all that master homiletician claims it to be.

THE LIFE TO LIVE. By **Frederick M. Meek.** 150 pages. Oxford University Press, $3.00. Here are nine sermons on the Beatitudes and eight more on the sayings of Jesus. At this late date it is hard to find new things to say on these texts, but Dr. Meek has seen familiar truth from new angles, and high lights it with new clarity. The sermons must have edified the listening congregations at Boston's histor Old South Church, and they will r ward the reading audience now. The are practical, concerned with re issues, and pointedly illustrated. D Halford Luccock, who certainly shoul know preaching when he hears it, cal these "not only good sermons, but ex ceptionally good sermons . . . He give body and contemporary meaning t the Beatitudes and this is a neede achievement, for to many people th Beatitudes still look like the descrip tion of a pallid and spineless sain . . . Dr. Meek is one of our most effec tive preachers, and here he is at hi best."

CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY: An Ecumen ical Approach. By **Walter Marshal Horton.** 304 pages. Harper, $3.75 I've been bearing down pretty hard o theological books in this space th last couple of months. This time meant not to list a one. But the im portance and usefulness of Dr. Hor ton's new book cannot be overlooked whatever pledges I've made to myself Here one of the great ecumenica leaders has sketched a Christian theology which codifies the agreements of large numbers of churchmen eage for reconciliation. Seven basic doc trines are examined (the knowledge of God, the nature of God, God and the world, God and man, Christ the Savior, the church, and the Christian hope) and the statement on each which would command broadest ecumenical agreement is elaborated. What makes the book so instructive, though, is not just this good news of consensus, but the hundred swift and authoritative reviews of the books and ideas of the scholars who do *not* agree with the moderate-middle-man statement. The book is a definite short-course in what the major theologians think about everything—especially their disagreements. As a matter of fact, the final impression is that Dr. Horton has produced a reasonable, persuasive, irenic theology which is obviously ecumenical but which will have a hard time becoming Ecumenical since at most crucial points the most influential theologians would disagree with it. That's why I suspect this volume will stand as a prolegomenon to some future ecumenical theology, rather than as a first draft of that theology. From the agreements and disagreements so brilliantly analyzed here, someone must yet shape the ecumenical theology which comprehends them all. Meanwhile, this is the book to bring you up to date on what is being thought everywhere about what we believe. T.A.G.

Nota Bene



' we are only talking to ourselves when we pray, and the only answer get back is the soothing, quieting o of our own voices, then . . . yer is nonsense. It is more than sense. It is a dangerous psycho- cal shot in the arm. It is a perilous otional hypo. If prayer is merely osuggestion, it is nothing but an empt to soup-up the subconscious. d as with all false stimulants, when spree is finished, an inevitable g-over must be faced.—*From* Our ristian Vocation, *by John Heuss reenwich: The Seabury Press, 5).**

•

HE façade which Buchmanism now presents to the world is undeably impressive. But I cannot help mparing it with that of Valle Crusis bey, in North Wales. There it is ssible for a visitor to approach from e angle and to find himself cononted by a towering edifice. He rings e bell, bolts are drawn; a small door ens—and he steps through into ace! Behind that noble façade lies thing but a tangle of long grass and few scattered ruins.—*Geoffrey Wilamson,* Inside Buchmanism *(New ork: Philosophical Library, 1955).**

•

ANY persons have the mistaken idea that to be religious is to restrict the joys of living rather than to release the powers of life. Others think religious activities as social extras, things people may do if they like that rt of thing, but hardly vital enough r busy, practical persons like themlves. Religion involves the whole life man in relation to God.—*Ralph W. ockman,* The Whole Armor of God *Nashville: Abingdon, 1955).**

•

HERE *is* a purpose of good at work in the world. Its achievements are not always visible to our es, and there is no *Christian* guarntee, despite a secular misreading of hristianity in the heyday of Liberism, that the purpose will be worked it, according to our prescription, and haustively, in *this* world. But the urpose stands sure in God's provience; and every good deed, every ght and brave action, every move wards justice and good will amongst en, every search for truth, every reation of beauty, above all, every umble and holy life, plays its due art in the accomplishment of that urpose. By God's strange operation, ne essence of that action or word or nought is made to contribute to a ood final product; and the whole ourse of the world itself, no matter how ghastly it may appear to us from time to time and how hopeless may seem the possibility of lasting peace and order amongst men, will contribute in God's sight to a good final product.—*W. Norman Pittenger,* Christian Affirmations *(New York: Morehouse-Gorham, 1954).**

WHATEVER legendary stories may gather around the Resurrection and Pentecost, there is no shadow of doubt that at this time there entered into the stream of history a new force or power; there appeared a type of person and of society such as had not been known before, and the story of mankind since that date has been very largely the narrative of the impact of that society upon the world.—*Nathaniel Micklem,* Ultimate Questions *(Nashville: Abingdon, 1955).**

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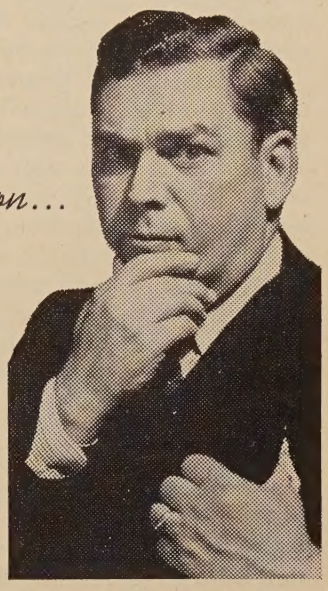

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The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

THE passing of Albert Einstein brings vividly to mind the ancient myth of Prometheus who stole fire from heaven and gave it to man. The gods, angry at losing their monopoly of the secret force of the universe, and fearful lest man would use his new knowledge to destroy himself, cruelly punished Prometheus for his cosmic theft. In contrast, Einstein has been accorded high honor as one of the greatest intellects our race has produced and his achievement hailed as the supreme contribution of science to man's knowledge and control of nature. Yet the knowledge he brought to man is an infinitely more dangerous human possession than the knowledge of fire. How Einstein with mathematical wizardry penetrated to the secret hiding place of cosmic energy—this story will be told as long as history lasts. His abstract formula was soon confirmed by laboratory experiment leading to the splitting of the atom, the chain reaction, the bomb, Hiroshima, and the cold war that has kept the world shivering in terror of self-destruction for a decade. Were the gods right in punishing Prometheus? And are we wrong in honoring Einstein? Terrified, some may desire to return to our pre-atomic ignorance. But this is impossible. Man's thirst for knowledge is God's gift to him. It is not his knowledge that terrifies the world; it is man himself. Never since the gospel was first preached has Christianity's conception of the predicament of man been so powerfully dramatized. Never has the need of doing something radical about man been so crystal clear as the supreme business of Christianity. Are the things with which the church concerns itself a worthy expression of the greatness of its responsibility?

Einstein and Prometheus

The Book of the Month

THE EARLY CHURCH AND THE COMING GREAT CHURCH. *By John Knox. Abingdon, $2.50.*

THE restoration of the New Testament church has been the avowed purpose of most of our denominations. But Dr. Knox maintains that this "restorationism" is largely based upon an illusory conception of the early church. The picture of the early church that he gives us in these Hoover Lectures on Christian unity at the University of Chicago (1955) is strikingly different from that to which most Protestants have been accustomed. Instead of emerging full-panoplied as a normative institution, the church was born in an ecstasy of joy and faith, as a movement, not an organization. Yet it was an intensely self-conscious movement, sharing amid all its varieties a common faith and a common fellowship. It was bound, therefore, as time went on, to assume an increasingly vis form. During a century and a half, this proc inspired and guided by the Holy Spirit, produ numerous common forms for prayer and wors a common form of organization of local congre tions, formal recognition of the interdepende of contiguous groups of local churches admi tered by bishops, a common statement of fa (the original form of the Apostles' Creed), finally, the formation of the New Testament selecting from innumerable letters and other tant documents those believed to be most wor to be canonized as Holy Scripture. These devel ments mark the progress of the early church on way to unity. I recommend this book as more lik to provoke an illuminating controversy than a book on Christian unity that has appeared in time—a controversy in which I should like to ha a modest part.

A Thought for the Month

WHAT is a Creed? And what is a Confessi (Westminster, Augsburg et al)? Are th the same? It is generally assumed that they a But Canon Theodore Wedel says they are not. an article in *Religion in Life* (March number), says that a creed is a liturgic rubric intended to be recited by congregation in much the sam spirit—if I understand him— hymns are sung. It is an utterance of the facts the "mighty acts of God"—upon which the Chri tian faith is based. A confession is a theologic interpretation of these facts. Dr. Wedel strong opposes subscription to a confessional system doctrine as a basis of church union. Faith in th Person of Christ, he says, is the true and on basis. But the historic creeds, especially th Apostles' Creed, "used for liturgical purposes, least" are necessary to "identify the Person" an so to guarantee the evangelical character of th church. He insists that theological interpretation of the facts recited in the creed belong in the are of freedom. "Confessions," he points out, "wer unknown in the early church." Their proliferatio since the Reformation has resulted in the "tyrann of historically conditioned doctrinal systems" use as the justification of sectarian divisions. " declaration of loyalty to a Person and an identif cation of who that Person is cannot properly b equated with a doctrinal confession." Wedel's dis tinction is a new note in ecumenical thinking. It discussion may bear important fruit.

An Important Distinction

Charles Clayton Morrison

For the Record—

SHALL never forget how surprised I was the day I found out the Niebuhrs' mother was alive. It wasn't her age that was so startling . . he is still only in her middle ..ties—but it was just the fact that she *is* at all. Oh I know the warm, ..itive humanity of Reinhold and ..nard and Hulda, but I knew the ..ily too as a dividing line in the ..ory of American theology. There ..d the Pre-Niebuhrian Era (I re..mber a student paper in which I ..erred to some 19th century theo..ian as *"pitifully* pre-Niebuhr..('!); and then there is the Nie..rian Era. There was something ..ilogically massive about the name ..e. To discover that there were ..ents behind it was about as star..g as to find out that the Paleozoic ..e had a mother.

..t was certainly in order and over..e when Lindenwood College in the ..school year gave its honorary ..torate in humane letters to the ..r Mrs. Niebuhr, in recognition of ..achievement in enriching the life ..l letters of the world by the nur..e of a family she helped to make ..narkable. Anyway, Mrs. Niebuhr ..l daughter Hulda came back to St. ..arles, Mo., where the young family ..l once lived in the E. and R. manse. ..Founders' Day the college created ..ew Dr. Niebuhr, and Prof. Hulda ..ebuhr delivered the address printed ..this issue.

The idea of "Spiritual Progenitors" ..appropriate to this commencement ..son. So are the themes of Chaplain ..agoner's baccalaureate sermon and ..Saunders' graduation address. ..t none of them is limited to ..demic occasions. Any or all of them ..e full of material which would edify ..y congregation any time.

One of the jobs I inherited with ..s one was helping to judge the ..minarian Preacher of the Year se..tion. It was a real puzzle assigning ..ler of merit to the nine close con..tants who were bunched up behind ..e winner. But there was not much ..ubt for most of the judges that Gar..t's Robert Versteeg was the clear ..tor. On April 24 Mr. Versteeg de..ered his sermon before the Chicago ..nday Evening Club in the awesome ..chestra Hall. Dr. Hutchinson and I ..re there to take part in the service, ..e Morrisons were in a box near the ..ung Mrs. Versteeg, and the preach..'s parents arrived from Ohio in time ..r the service. It was a good evening, ..d our judgment was confirmed.

There is no sermon in this issue for ..e Children's Day service, and we ..dn't try too hard to find one. Most ..inisters sit this one out, while the ..nday school struts its stuff. The ..eacher will spend his time best get..ng next to those spruce fathers who ..me only when daughter performs.

T.A.G.

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